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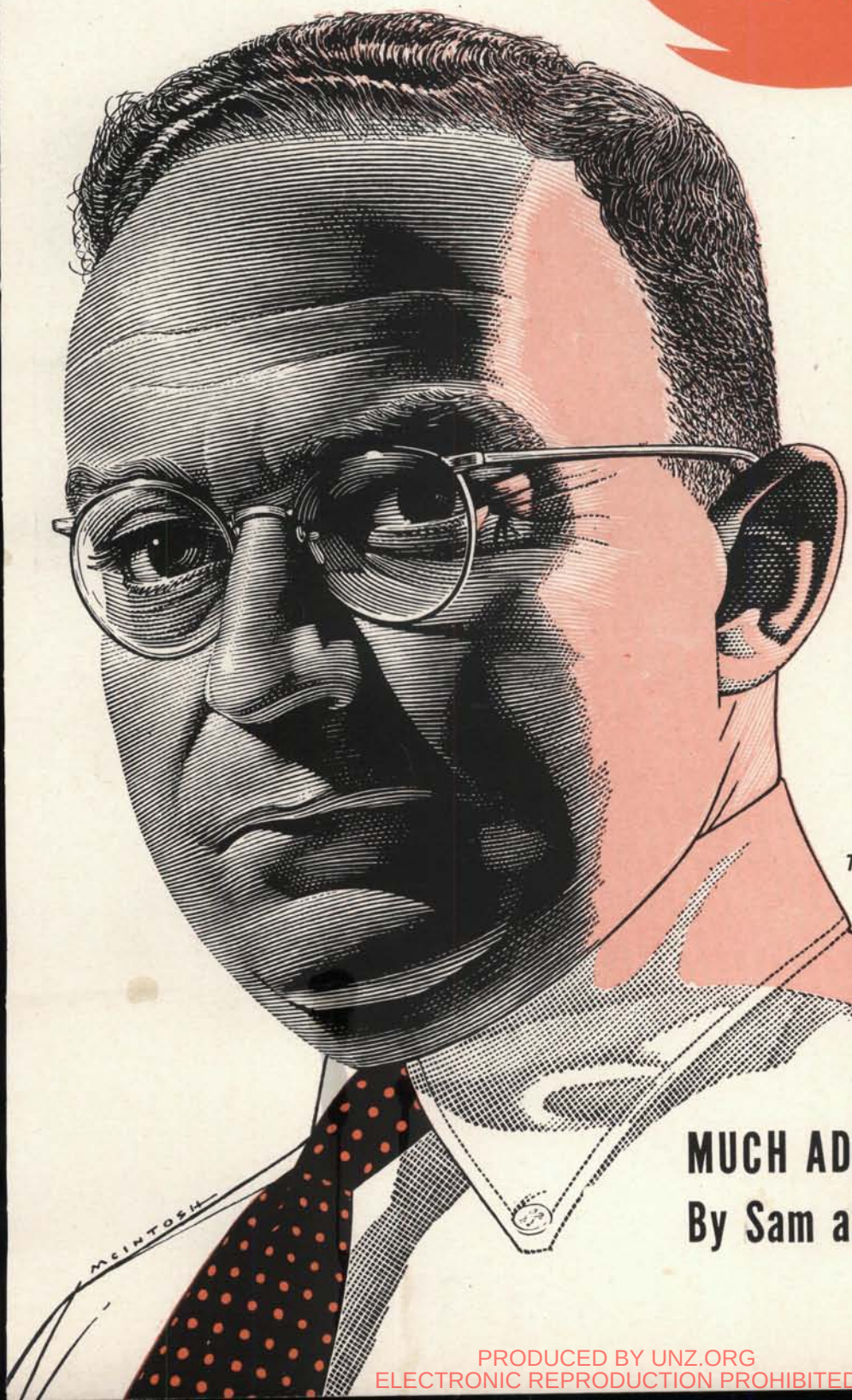
Saturday Review

OCTOBER 31, 1953 / 20¢



Theodore H. White, author of "Fire in the Ashes."
(See page 12)

MUCH ADO ABOUT "KATE"
By Sam and Bella Spewack

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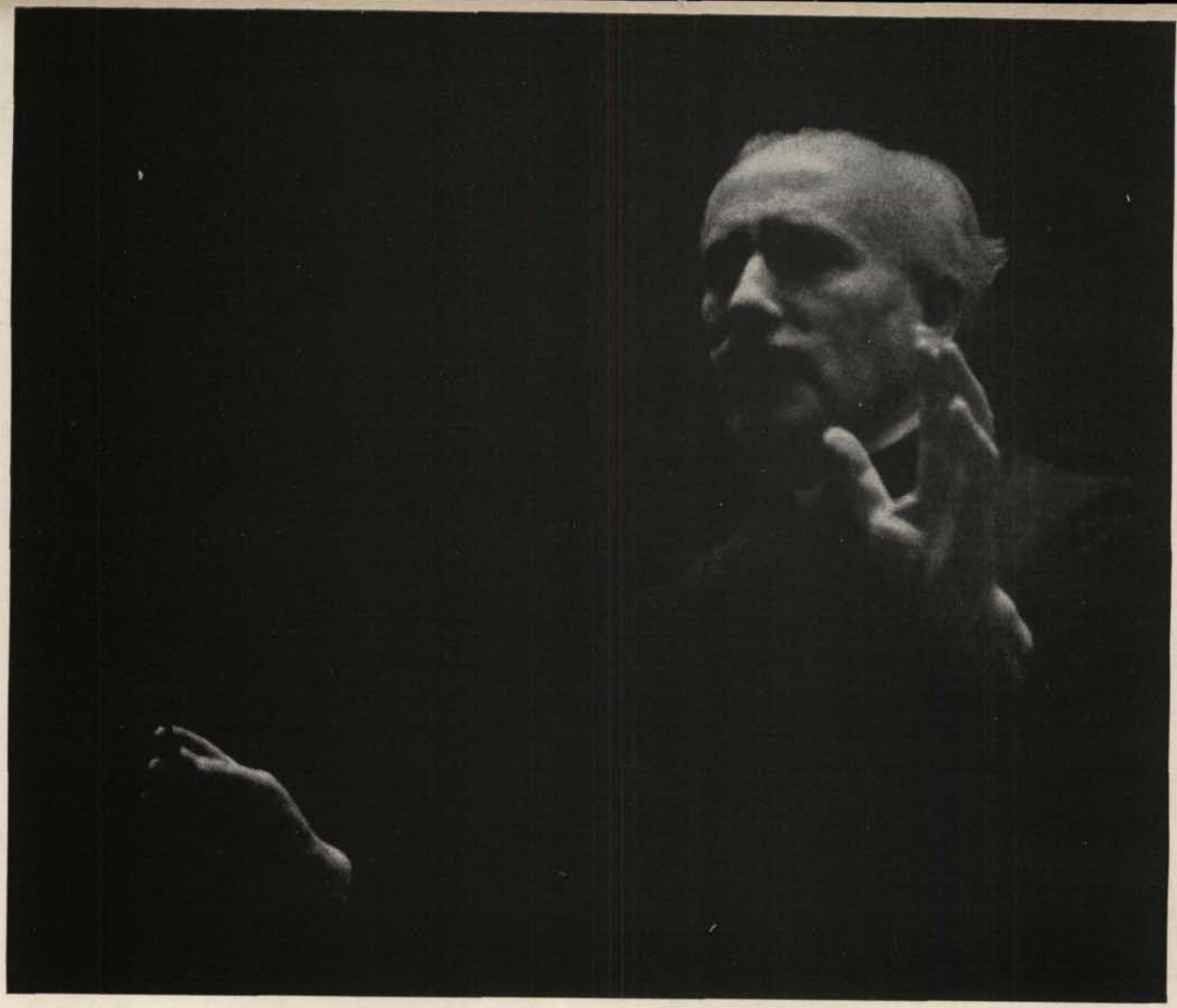

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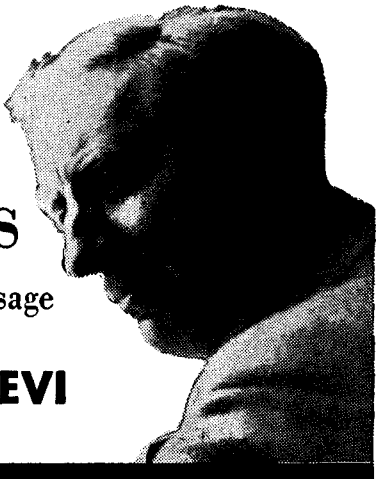

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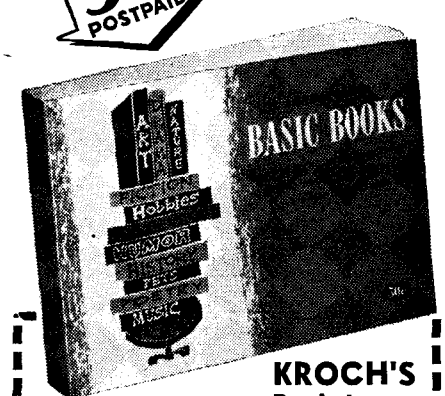

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The Saturday Review

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SR's Library Poll

"FROM Here to Eternity," by James Jones, this week returned to first place in *The Saturday Review*'s Library Poll of books most in demand among a cross-section of representative public libraries from coast to coast.

Continuing to rise in *SR*'s poll was Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's study of "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female." In third place this week, it was interesting, nevertheless, to note that Kinsey's book was not even reported by seven leading libraries.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **From Here to Eternity** by James Jones (F)*
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)**
3. **Sexual Behavior in the Human Female** by Alfred C. Kinsey (G)
4. **Désirée** by Annemarie Selinko (F)
5. **Time and Time Again** by James Hilton (F)
6. **Lélia** by André Maurois (G)
7. **Beyond This Place** by A. J. Cronin (F)
8. **The Spirit of St. Louis** by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
9. **Too Late the Phalarope** by Alan Paton (F)
10. **A House Is Not a Home** by Polly Adler (G)
11. **The Robe** by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
12. **The Unconquered** by Ben Ames Williams (F)
13. **The Lady of Arlington** by Harnett T. Kane (F)
14. **A Man Called Peter** by Catherine Marshall (G)
15. **India and the Awakening East** by Eleanor Roosevelt (G)
16. **The High and the Mighty** by Ernest K. Gann (F)
17. **Annapurna** by Maurice Herzog (G)
18. **The Adventures of Augié March** by Saul Bellow (F)
19. **The Silent World** by J.-Y. Cousteau (G)
20. **Period Piece** by Gwen Raverat (G)

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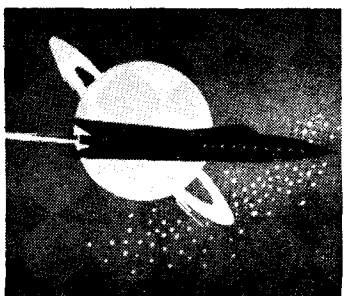

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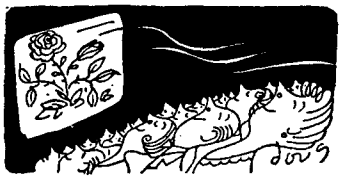
TRADE Winds

WHEN ALDOUS HUXLEY'S "Brave New World" first was published (in 1932) critics rated it considerably below his "Antic Hay" and "Point Counter Point," and the general sale, while far above average, was attributed more to Huxley's reputation than his contribution in this one book. The years have changed all that. Huxley's later output—he has followed some strange leads indeed since he settled in California—has won him few fresh laurels, but "Brave New World," in both regular and paperback editions, racks up a bigger and bigger sale as time goes by.

The reason? "Brave New World" is in the mold of science-fiction that has surged upward so amazingly on best-seller lists of late—and it is so much better than most of the sleazy current output that each new discoverer of its fascinating conceits shouts about it from the housetops. Furthermore, Mr. Huxley has proved himself an amazing prophet. Some of the notions that seemed almost outlandish in 1932 are already accepted as commonplace in the everyday life of 1953.

Take his conception of movies, for instance, that appealed to all five senses at one time. "Feelies" he called them, and the thought of what they might do to the libido of a spectator when he saw a Grable or a Monroe undulate across the screen intoxicated everybody—including Mr. Huxley. And yet, just think how near to reality that seemingly fantastic conception is today! Via 3-D and new processes now in the making the actors in a screenplay seem almost to be sitting in the audience's lap. And now General Electric has gone one step further. In a process immediately dubbed "Smell-o-rama" by Schenectady wits it has added odor to the general effect. Selected groups



have been treated to secret screenings of a rose garden, in the course of which the lovely scent of rose perfume filled the theatre. True, this is just an extension of an old idea introduced by Irving Berlin in one of his Music Box Revues, where, while John Steele was warbling "In an Orange Grove in California," ushers sprayed the house with attar of orange blossoms. And in Washington this summer the page on which an ad for a popular brand of dill pickles appeared had been sprayed with some substance that made every reader feel he was smack in the middle of Reuben's delicatessen.

The General Electric experiment was so successful that one man came out of the theatre predicting it would up nation-wide receipts by 20 per cent at least. "Think of all the delicious aromas with which we can assail the nostrils of our customers," he enthused—but suddenly he paled. "Good heavens," he whispered. "Don't look now—but isn't that fellow behind us a director of the Hoggenspieler Packing Plant? What can *he* have in mind. . . . ?"

CURRENTLY DECLINING PROFITS of paperback publishers, incidentally, and mounting of inventories in the hands

of wholesalers are no surprise to circulation companies who have observed similar gyrations in the history of comic-book entrepreneurs. From a hundred such outfits—all successful enough to invite less experienced newcomers to fish in the same stream—the number grew to four hundred in less than two years. The inevitable reaction then set in. The public became choosier. Dealers couldn't find room for such an output in the limited space they had available for display. Result: almost two hundred comics disappeared completely in a matter of months—and the publishers' bankrolls went with them. With the inferior and marginal producers eliminated, the survivors once more found publishing comics an extremely profitable occupation. Wih an estimated sixty million paperbacks not even unwrapped in wholesalers' warehouses, a similar purge in that once foolproof market is considered inevitable.

IN LEVYING OVERDUE FINES can a library charge a borrower more than the retail price of the book? E. V.

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Durling says yes, and cites the case of an unfortunate seeker of culture in Bayonne, N. J., who kept a copy of "Anthony Adverse" for 860 days, and was nicked for a fine of exactly forty-three dollars. The borrower, furthermore, took the case to court, where he lost, thereby adding court costs to his bill for $43. That's one of the saddest stories I've heard since Milton Berle told how he'd lost a

bundle betting on William and Mary College in a football game. "How was I to know," he wailed later, "that they were going to let Mary play?"

AN AUTHOR IN KANKAKEE found himself in something of a predicament last week. A magazine accepted a short poem and sent him a check for thirty-five dollars. The only man who could identify him at the bank, however, was his liquor dealer—whom he owed a hundred! . . . Agatha Christie, back in London after another trip to Bagdad with her husband, who is a renowned archeologist, was asked how a woman with great creative talent felt about being married to a student whose eyes were turned always to antiquities. "An archeologist is the best husband any woman can get," replied Miss Christie warmly. "Just consider: the older she gets the more he is interested in her!" . . . Times being what they are in Wall Street, broker Jay Kennedy, whose "Prince Bart" was promoted to a fare-thee-well last season, is hastening completion of a second novel called "Short Term." This one's about the world of frenzied finance. . . . A quick-witted applicant for a post as junior editor in a publishing house was asked to submit his school and college affiliations recently. He answered, "Korea, clash of 1953," and—as I believe all anecdotes of this sort are supposed to wind up—he got the job.

EXHILARATING COPY IN A DISPLAY AD for Lippincott—brainchild, according to scuttlebutt, of *SR*'s bright graduate George Stevens:

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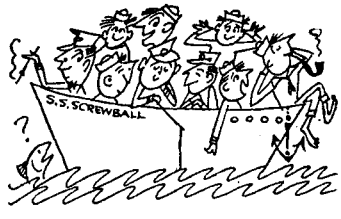
length, breadth, and thickness for convenience in handling, and they live indefinitely in the fourth dimension of time.

Hear, hear!

WHEN HARRY KENDALL THAW, playboy heir to a forty-million-dollar Pittsburgh fortune, shot and killed 250-pound Architect Stanford White, on June 25, 1906, because of White's attentions to Thaw's wife, the former Evelyn Nesbit, he set in motion a trial that ranks with the most scandalous and sensational of the century. Charles Samuels has written the story to the hilt in a Gold Medal original called "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," but I am somewhat puzzled by this note on the copyright page: "All characters in this book are fictional and any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental." . . . Readers of James Jones's "From Here to Eternity," as well as people who have seen only the picture, are wondering on what possible grounds the U. S. Navy could have forbidden a showing of the film anywhere within its sacred precincts—especially since the Army cleared the picture without qualification. Insiders suspect that the Navy brass is establishing a precedent whereby they can give the forthcoming film version of "The Caine Mutiny" a similar cold shoulder. It may have been with this thought in mind that one reporter asked Admiral Fechteler, in Washington, what he thought of Mr. Wouk's persistent best seller. "It's a good yarn," re-



marked the Admiral wryly, "but I often wonder how one Naval Reserve officer could have collected in two years in one little ship all the screwballs I've known in my whole thirty years in the Navy!" —BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1022)

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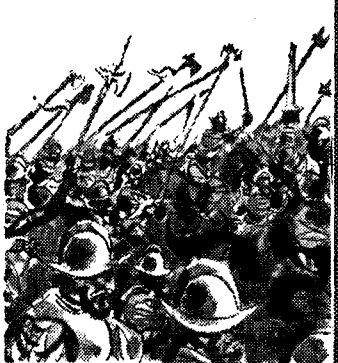

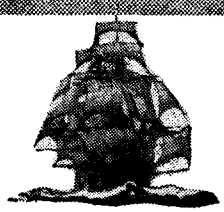

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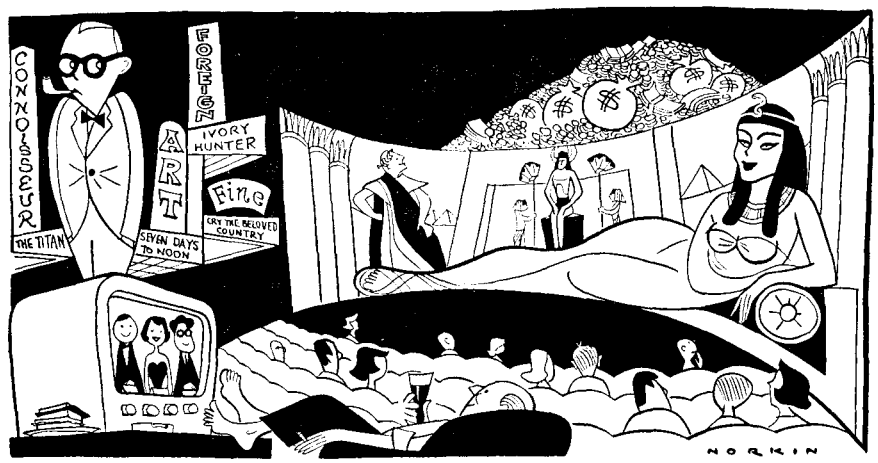
The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 31, 1953



Hollywood Verdict: Gilt but Not Guilty

The Movies in the Age of the Common Man

By ARTHUR MAYER

While Hollywood tumbles about in a maze of new techniques—three-dimensional pictures, wide-screen projection, stereophonic sound—an old question becomes more insistent than ever before. Are the movies moving backward or forward? Arthur Mayer, who gives his answer below, is a veteran movie executive and author of a recent book of reminiscences, "Merely Colossal." His article is the sixth in SR's *Common Man Series assessing the level of taste in a mass-communication society.*

I HAVE a profound respect for experts—in all fields except my own. When they assure us that there has been a substantial advance in the past decade in American appreciation of literature, drama, and music I unhesitatingly accept their happy findings. But when they assert, as they frequently do, that similar progress has taken place in movie taste I can only caution hold your horses—or at least your 3-D glasses.

There is considerable justification for the indictment so frequently presented against the movie moguls that they themselves have, over the years, fashioned their own audience and are now saddled with it—an audience avid for escape, acquiescent to saccharine formulae, and allergic to what it disparagingly terms "message" pictures. On the other hand, I am unfortunately so venerable that I vividly recall the resentment of picturegoers when Goldwyn released "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," the first full-length film to challenge the reign of realism on the screen; I remember, too, the catastrophic failure of Von Stroheim's "Greed," probably the most cinematically imaginative American picture ever made, and the other similar mishaps too numerous to catalogue which overtook adventurous pioneers who in early movie days overestimated the intelligence of their public. Little, however, can be gained by seeking to establish the relative guilt of producers, exhibitors, and the public. They all share in the errors of the past and the perplexities of the present.

At least I am perplexed, although not my highbrow friends. Almost daily for the past thirty years they have assured me that the public is at last eager for more adult, thought-provoking pictures than it is receiving. Whether they have arrived at this cheerful conclusion through research, revelation, or merely wishful thinking I am not aware. It seems to me, after a lifetime largely devoted to the pursuit of patrons, that there are many publics, and that nobody knows with any degree of consistency what any of these publics wants — neither Spyros Skouras, the indefatigable president of Twentieth Century-Fox, nor his critics, nor the various publics themselves. Of the three, however, I

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distrust Mr. Skouras's judgments the least. He, at any rate, makes his guesses neither on the basis of hunch nor hope but on a continuing study of his company's finances and their fluctuations with its films—good, bad, and indifferent. Indeed, if we really desire to be helpful rather than hep it would be well to stop indulging in the time-honored sport of throwing spite-balls at Mr. Skouras and his fellow movie magnates—if for no other reason than that they have become experts at dodging them. Moreover, as the captain of the *Texas* shouted to his sailors when the Spanish ships off Santiago were sinking, "Don't cheer, those poor devils are dying." If we are genuinely interested in the production of more "mature films" (to use a phrase that I detest but do not know how to improve) let's stop talking loosely about how the producers underestimate their public and analyze what have been the roadblocks encountered by such films and to what extent they can, under existing conditions, be destroyed or bypassed.

Briefly, they can be summarized as follows:

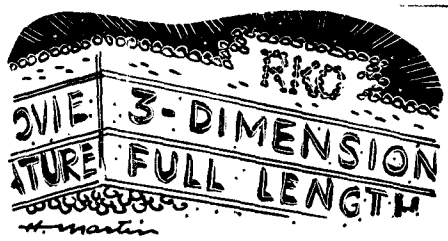
(1) The fabulous financial success of the industry discouraged experimentation and the search for marginal markets.

(2) The equally fabulous cost of Hollywood picture-producing made mass appeal the safest and quickest method of assuring a profit.

(3) Most of the so-called "prestige" movies which were produced, and the foreign films which were imported, failed to receive sufficient public support to encourage increased activities of this nature.

AT the outset we must disabuse our minds of the stereotype of the illiterate movie tycoon with the twelve-year-old mentality. Anyone who regards Mr. Schenck of M-G-M or Mr. Balaban of Paramount as lacking horse sense had better not try horse trading with them. Neither of these unassuming, likable gentlemen went to college, but if they had they surely would have made Phi Beta Kappa and been elected "the man most apt to succeed" in their respective classes.

They and their competitors have only seen fit to submit to the iron laws of capitalist economics rather than to the equally inflexible precepts of contemporary uplifters. If, as they found out early in their careers, wonderful pictures like Bob Flaherty's starve and Shirley Temple films break attendance records, it appeared prudent to them to pay more deference to little girls with dimples than to distinguished explorers with a yen for



showing how strange people live and think in distant places. If controversial films provided little cash and many repercussions from pressure groups of every hue, company presidents anxious to retain their jobs and emoluments decreed fewer dramatic treatments of the burning issues of the day like "The Watch on the Rhine" and more excursions into never-never land like "Lost Horizon." If Robert Montgomery fans were shocked when he appeared in "Night Must Fall" as a psychopathic murderer rather than in his customary role of a light and debonair lover, studio executives concluded that typecasting was what their public preferred and thenceforward heroes remained heroic and bad men persisted in their villainies.

There were annual gestures, indeed more than are generally acknowledged, in the direction of biography, art, and defiance of formula, such as "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," "The Long Way Home," and "The Ox-Bow Incident," but they met with so little popular favor that prudent presidents followed the line of least resistance, and —like the manufacturers of automobiles or zippers—gave the customers what they seemed most eager to pay for. They regarded their obligation to their stockholders as more pressing than the educational and cultural needs of the nation. While we must deplore this strictly commercial approach to the operation of a great medium of communication, we must also remember that had they acted otherwise they would quickly have been replaced by hungry rivals more rapacious and even less civic-minded.

Conducting the industry as a business rather than as a social trust, they created a worldwide entertainment empire the like of which had never been conceived before. The courts have judged them guilty of conspiracy in the distribution and exhibition of their wares, but in production cut-throat competition prevailed. The battle for stars, stories, and technicians beggars description and would have beggared any less indestructible an enterprise. Production budgets zoomed to astronomic heights. Efficiency experts representing banks and other gimlet-eyed investors journeyed regularly to Hollywood to see who was crazy and returned home raving maniacs. [illegible] costs continued to soar, so inevitably did the pressure for a mass market. During the Thirties and Forties this was maintained by trade practices such as producer-ownership of the leading theatre circuits and the block-booking system under which exhibitors seeking to purchase major box-office attractions were also compelled to buy the less desirable pictures. When the courts eventually declared these procedures illegal, and every picture had to be sold strictly on its merits, or what passed for merits, it had to be fashioned and merchandised even more than previously for its appeal to the widest (frequently interpreted as synonymous with the lowest) common denominator of public taste. Under the much-abused system of block-booking unpretentious films with novel situations and fresh attitudes, such as "A Man to Remember" or "The Curse of the Cat People," occasionally crept through and were crammed down the throats of helpless exhibitors. Now, in the classic words of *Variety*, it was "boffo or busto," meaning there was no longer any middle ground and every picture was either a click or a cluck.

MOST commentators fret about the ethics of the industry, but what actually went hopelessly haywire was its economics. The average negative cost at Twentieth Century-Fox in 1949 was $2,200,000 and other major studios did not lag far behind. Orson Welles recently remarked: "If I am a painter and want to paint I go out, buy an easel, some paints and brushes, and go to work. I am an artist. But if I want to make a moving picture I have to raise a million dollars. And when I do that I become a businessman."

A modest theatrical production can be staged for $40,000; a novel with a sale of some 8,000 copies can pay its way; CBS regards a listening audience of a million as "impressive." But the average Hollywood feature film to return its investment must be seen by at least 15,000,000 people. In the face of the need for so vast an audience only an occasional daring producer, such as John Huston or Stanley Kramer, tempts fate with a "Red Badge of Courage" or a "Member of the Wedding." Such pictures frequently are referred to as "artistic failures" although they may play to audiences of five to ten million which, by any other standard than Hollywood's inflated production costs, would be ample to return a huge profit. Under its present set-up the industry can and does turn out fine entertaining pictures which appeal to

(*Continued on page* 43)

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The Wizard of Continents

"Fire in the Ashes: Europe in Mid-Century," by Theodore H. White *(William Sloane Assoc. 405 pp. $5), is an able journalist's report and analysis of what has been happening between the Atlantic and the Iron Curtain during the past five years. Below it is reviewed by Percy Knauth of* World Magazine, *former correspondent in Europe for* Life, *and author of "Germany in Defeat."*

By Percy Knauth

AN AMERICAN radio commentator, a man who thinks as well as reports the news, paused recently for a moment to ask a significant question about the G.I.'s in Korea: Why did they fight? What impulses—instinctual, emotional, reasoned, or otherwise—moved them to suffer and bleed and endure and die in that God-forsaken wasteland of destruction which few of them had ever heard of before 1950 and whose association with the things for which men usually fight—the lives of their women and children, the safety of their country—few of them could grasp?

The question, in its broadest implications, is fundamental to our age. For it applies not only to the G.I.'s in Korea, who are the most dramatic expression of an overall effort far transcending both their numbers and their deeds. It might be asked of a whole ununiformed army of Americans working in all corners of the globe at tasks which the most visionary and imaginative planner would never have foreseen even a decade ago.

It might be asked, too, of Americans at home who are footing the bill for a program of survival unique in history, largely without fully understanding why. The question, in fact, spotlights the phenomenon of this century: America's assumption of responsibility for the free world, the instinctive reflex action of a nation which, reared in isolationism, abruptly had greatness thrust upon it, and accepted it, and thereupon became involved in an unparalleled effort to rebuild a civilization. For that, in actual effect, is what this nation has been engaged in for the last five years.

To chronicle this staggering undertaking—which is to answer this fundamental question of our era—is a task requiring far more than the average reporter's stock-in-trade of political and economic book knowledge, news facts, and statistics. It demands a historical perspective which can range far beyond the immediate issues of the day. It requires a deep human understanding which can see, through the actions of governments, the individual and collective impulses of the millions of men and women to whose reason and emotion these governments are as sensitive as a man's hands are to his brain and heart. And it requires convictions as well—convictions which can survive unshaken the storms and stresses of an era which is shaping men as well as being shaped by them; an era torn by hate as much as it is being fused by new ideals; an era in which, inevitably, men must suffer because they are trying things men never tried before.

Often in recent times these qualities have seemed in very short supply, not only in our country but in the entire democratic world. In the years since World War II America has known the deep and fervid satisfaction of meeting new and limitless challenges; but she also learned fear. We have shown the world the noblest and most grandiose initiatives; we have also exhibited the most ignoble and narrowest perversions of the ideals for which we stand. We have proffered aid on an unprecedented scale, and haggled over that same aid like craven misers. We have proclaimed freedom with one voice and, with another, closed our gates to many who answered the call. We have blundered foolishly and wildly in our struggle to find ourselves in our new role; we have lost men of quality who fell victim to our suspicions, doubts, and fears. But through it all the basic tenets of the principles for which we stand have not only survived but have gained strength and given strength to men in other lands. History's compelling hand has lain heavy on our shoulder, and, in response, we have gone forward, leading, however reluctantly, much of the world.

THAT is why Theodore H. White's new book, "Fire in the Ashes: Europe in Mid-Century," is essentially a hopeful book. For implicit in every para-

—*John Resko.*

"What impulses moved them to suffer and bleed and endure and die . . . ?"

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record of the last five years in Europe, is the story of America's huge undertaking to help the nations of the free world to rise again out of the ruins left by war, to rebuild their cities, their industries, their agriculture, and their minds. It is a story of great suffering, wracking confusion, terrible hardships, mistakes, and frustration. It is history in the raw, with the existence of the world and all of its inhabitants at stake in a struggle between giants. The vividness and urgency of Mr. White's style leave no doubt in the reader's mind that these were years when the fate of our own and future generations was decided. But the conclusion is inescapable that, despite inexperience, errors, misgivings, and outright fears, America's effort by and large has been successful and that out of the chaos the makings of a new world are emerging, provided man has wit enough to use them.

MR. WHITE seems himself in a sense a true product of the changing America in these years of which he writes, the years in which we lost the last shreds of our golden illusions about the postwar era and faced the grim realities of sharing the world's responsibilities with Soviet Russia. He lived those years in Europe with the intensity of a man passionately aware that he was watching not just news events, but history. He was deeply conscious of the fact that he was a witness to a period of decisive and fundamental change. He writes about this, and about the governments and individuals who helped to shape this change, in a manner which we have not seen from a reporter since Vincent Sheean made journalistic writing a living art with "Personal History." He shows a wisdom which at times seems almost beyond his years, a human understanding which often compresses into a few gripping and revealing sentences the passions that make politics ("France cannot go on this way, it must change or it will perish," says Pierre Bertaux, the ousted but undiscouraged chief of the French Suréte. "It would be silly to sit by idle, not ever trying to save freedom, nor even thinking about saving it"); and a perspective which gives to these momentous years their proper place in history. He goes, in fact, as far as any man can go in answering that fundamental question: why?

The answer is that we were driven by historical compulsion, and in Mr. White's book that compulsion becomes inescapably and appallingly clear. "History was finally catching up with Europe," he says in the introductory chapters of his story, suddenly she was exposed as a curiosity unique in all time. Here was a community of 300,000,000 men who had developed a civilization so unbalanced that they could not possibly survive as a civilization on their own resources . . . The entire culture which seemed so completely European, from the coffee with *schlag* of Austria to the hot red tea of England, depended on the world being one. For a century the community had unthinkingly relied on invisible strands of trade which brought these necessities to the home ports in return for what Europe could ship out; these strands had seemed once as rugged and strong as bonds of iron. Now they were cut. With the strands cut, Europe threatened to sink, or rather to plummet, directly out of modern civilization."

That is why the Marshall Plan was born. Europe was the mother of our own civilization; without her America and a free world could not survive. As to the Plan itself, its practical effect could scarcely be put better than in these words: "A sum of money so huge [$12,285,200,000] ceases to be money. It becomes a force in its own right, that spends itself, that creates its own magnetic fields, that grows out of its own vitality the organs, tentacles, fibrils, and limbs needed to match its growing responsibilities." Did it succeed? "The Marshall Plan succeeded as the war succeeded in that we did not lose. It succeeded in the sense that a base was preserved from which men can try again . . . If the Plan had failed Europe today would be a continent in which liberty was extinguished except for a few fortunate enclaves, a continent living in an ugliness of spirit so different from today's as to make it another civilization."

That was the first great historical compulsion. From it sprang the whole concept of American aid which has today dispersed American citizens all over the free world, the "Americans-in-dispersion," as Mr. White calls them. How sizable a force they are can be shown in just one example: "The American Embassy in Paris," he writes, "in the year 1952 was responsible for 2,500 American officials and employes in the Paris area who, with their wives and children, made an overseas community of 7,500 Americans, all involved somehow in American policy in Europe. Of these 2,500 only 129 were Foreign Service officers of the State Department, and of these only thirty-one were permanent career diplomats trained to speak for the United States abroad. The others were experts on labor relations, on social security, on inflation, on trade and payments, on

THE AUTHOR: Theodore H. White abandoned an old valise of his the other day in the southern French village of Lavandou, a symptom of the fact that after years and years of hightailing it around the world chasing news he was homeward-bound at last. "It's difficult to think of anything rational about one's self in the last few minutes before you write finish to one big hunk of your life," he said as he took a last look around the house before leaving for Toulon, the train to Paris, and the ship to New York. "All I know is that fifteen years ago I got out of a ship in a completely foreign land called England, alone, wide-eyed, happy, cocksure of myself, fresh out of college (Harvard '38), carrying one piece of hand-baggage, a valise. This valise will travel no farther. It's lasted me about half-a-million miles, years of horsing around the world, of packing and moving. This is the last move, back to the States, where we finally settle." White's correspondent life overseas began in 1939 as *Time*'s China hand; he reported World War II up to the moment Japan boarded *Missouri*. He then covered Europe for, among others, *The Reporter*. Now thirty-eight, White has been a foreign correspondent long enough to know its ins and outs. "The flashy era of the 'doom-merchants' and the 'hair-on-the-chest' correspondents is changing," he noted. "For the first time since I can remember things look fairly good. Not that there won't be lots of crises in the years ahead, but they'll be diminuendo, I think. It's going to get better, it's moving our way. This is going to make the dispatches of a lot of guys like me duller to read than they've been for a long time. But if we can get across to the people in the next fifteen years the kind of problems we're going to have to face, clearly and simply, then we'll have our work cut out for us. What I want to say is that America is so much the energizing center of the world today that the whole frame of foreign correspondence has changed. The place to cover the world now is from America."

—BERNARD KALB.

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biology, on radio, on press, on films, on aviation, on artillery, on radar, on oil."

MULTIPLY this force by relative numbers in capitals and county seats the whole world over and you begin to get an idea of the manpower—to abandon, for once, the standard of measurement by dollars—which America has invested in the survival of a free world. Why? Again, a historical compulsion—but it can be put now in different terms: "The contrast between the Russian and American expansion in the modern world is one of direct opposites. The Russians sell an idea, above all their idea of the revolution and the logical state. Then, having penetrated with their idea, they follow to consolidate their techniques, cold, brutal, and bloody. But Americans bring their techniques first, the logistics and mechanics of their system, and they leave its mothering, begetting idea to follow naturally behind."

The compulsion pushed us on. We didn't realize it; and Mr. White, to this reviewer's knowledge, states it here for the first time: "What we wanted, fundamentally, was a revolution . . . This revolutionary essence in our life is, or must become, the chief arm of our foreign policy to meet that revolutionary faith which is the chief arm of Russian foreign policy." Nor did the people to whom we furnished aid realize this underlying purpose either. "Over and over for the past fifteen years," writes Mr. White, "I have watched strangers studying American ways, as if by dismantling an American combustion charger they could learn how to make themselves as warm as Americans. And over and over I have seen Americans trying to show them how the combustion charger works without explaining that the trick is not in how the metal parts of the combustion charger fit together but how the combustion charger is used socially, and to whose benefit.

"Europeans cannot recognize, for Americans never explain, that what America seeks is not simply technical innovation but something else. What America seeks are changes in spirit and society, of revolutionary profundity, that will meet the challenge of the black revolutions of this century. For where change has been imposed by dictate, as in the American Occupation of Germany, or brought about by native power, as in Turkey and Britain, the fiber of resistance to the challenge is healthiest. Where it has misfired, or crawled too slowly, as in France or Italy, it is weakest."

That is the mission, that is the answer to the question of why the G.I.'s fought as they did in Korea, why Americans are dispersed in the labor of enlightenment all over the world, why the taxpayer at home must supply billions for foreign aid. It has been said of the democratic world that what it lacks most of all is an idea of comparable power to oppose to the Russian idea of world revolution for the workers but we do have the idea, and we have been propagating it without really being aware of its essential power, spreading it in the name of everything—containment, security, survival—but the idea itself. "It is [our] faith in the opportunity of tomorrow, more than anything else, which has kept America from any infection of Communism. And it is this faith, totally lacking in some countries of Europe or unable to express itself effectively in others, which we have been trying, without realizing, to spread in Europe by the injection of techniques and 'expertise'."

The history of this effort, which is as surely a milestone in the development of man as was the French Revolution, is told in Mr. White's four-hundred-odd pages. And it is one of the most exciting, most troubling, most inspiring, and most rewarding stories to appear between the covers of a book since World War II ended and the Age of Survival began.

Tommies near Suez—"fateful decisions."

Wounds of the Lion

"Seven Fallen Pillars," by Jon Kimche *(Frederick A. Praeger. 439 pp. $4.50) is a British journalist's report on the deterioration of British influence in the Near East, especially the Arab-Israel area. J. C. Hurewitz, who reviews it below, is assistant professor of government at the School of International Affairs, Columbia University, and author of "Middle East Dilemmas."*

By J. C. Hurewitz

JON KIMCHE is a British journalist, a devotee of the Labor Government, who has been especially allergic to its conservative policies in the Middle East. In a stimulating notebook, "Seven Fallen Pillars," published in England in 1950, he left little doubt that his sympathies lay not with the rich and self-indulgent few who sat at the political and economic controls in most of the countries on his beat, but with the overwhelming mass of peasantry and proletariat who groveled in pestilential filth a notch or two above starvation.

Kimche used his credentials as a Reuters correspondent to gain access to the ministries and diplomatic missions in the several lands. He eked out official intelligence with direct observation to draw a shattering indictment of British Labor's Middle East policy, essentially in the Arab-Israel area. Iran, Turkey, and Libya received only peripheral coverage.

By integrating his original despatches, the author preserved the liveliness and intimacy of on-the-scene reporting—but largely by sacrificing accuracy and perspective. For newspaper deadlines apparently did not leave Kimche time for checking the reliability of hastily assembled data and for investigating the background. Many of the factual errors have been pruned from the dilated just-published American edition, which carries the narrative to the end of 1952.

The fresh material rolled from the typewriter not of an itinerant correspondent but of a sedentary editor of an English weekly review of Middle East affairs. What the new or revised chapters lose in informality they gain in persuasiveness. Particularly is this true of the rewritten account of Middle East petroleum politics and of the analyses of how the United Kingdom in 1951-52 surrendered with surprising passivity

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the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's properties in Iran, Britain's most valuable overseas commercial venture, and reached a diplomatic dead-end in Egypt and the Sudan, from which the only retreat was likely to be withdrawal.

Kimche is at his best in dissecting British Labor's costly blunders in Iran and Egypt and its fiasco in Palestine, where the mandate was abandoned with humiliation. But he oversimplifies the explanation by assigning blame almost wholly to England's estrangement and isolation from the rising nationalist movements in the Middle East. Certainly other factors contributed as much. if not more, to the rapid postwar contraction of Britain's formerly uncontested position of primacy in the region—the prostrate economy of the United Kingdom, the consequent decline of its power potential, and its growing political and economic dependence on the United States.

The emotional intensity of the Middle East varieties of nationalism dictates an inquiry in depth. Past errors of British policy, some reaching back to the nineteenth century, have survived in exaggerated form in the memory of disaffected nationalists to plague postwar efforts at the pacific and amicable adjustment of England's relations with Middle East states. Yet Kimche gives us no more than a contemporary two-dimensional survey.

In the introduction Mr. Kimche tells us that "the Middle East is becoming an American . . . headache," and suggests that either the United States or the USSR must fill the power vacuum created by the progressive British departure. Pivotal issues of this class require close watching. But nowhere does the author come to grips with either American or Soviet Middle East policy. The treatment of both remains superficial and cliché-ridden. The only new information is the unconfirmed but entirely plausible account of Stalin's overture to Bevin in March 1947, when the Soviet dictator reportedly tried to wean the British away from cooperating with the United States containment policy by promising Russian neutrality in the Middle East.

Still, despite the limitations, "Seven Fallen Pillars" is a book worth reading, indeed pondering. Kimche's inside track to the two Labor Governments' councils helps us the better to understand how fateful policy decisions were taken in London. And his humanistic approach to the stirrings and strivings of the common men in the Middle East brings them closer to home.

King of the Oil Sands

"Arabian Jubilee," by H. St. J. Philby *(John Day. 280 pp. $6), is a biography of King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia and an account of his leadership of the Arab world by a man who knows both well. Here it is reviewed by Paul L. Hanna of the University of Florida, author of "British Policy in Palestine" and other works.*

By Paul L. Hanna

NO author reared in the culture of the West could be better prepared than St. John Philby to write a life of Ibn Saud. Since 1915 he has spent most of his time in the Middle East. A convert to Islam, he has been for nearly a quarter of a century a member of the Saudi Arabian court and has had unique opportunities to observe the king's character and to study his activities. His book "Arabian Jubilee," is not, however, a conventional biography. Rather, it is an appreciation of Ibn Saud produced in celebration of the king's jubilee—the fiftieth anniversary of his rule, which occurred according to the lunar calendar in July 1950. The volume was first published in England in April 1952, and now appears without change or addition under an American imprint.

"Arabian Jubilee" is a somewhat peculiar but generally pleasing mixture of history, biography, and personal reminiscence. In dealing with the early days of Ibn Saud, Philby writes as a careful historian. He consulted surviving participants in the events he narrates, studied the records of the British Residency in the Persian Gulf, and combed several local manuscript histories in an effort to give an accurate and detailed account of the fall of the Saudi house between 1885 and 1891, its exile in Kuwait, and the dramatic return of the young Ibn Saud to claim the throne of Najd in 1902.

Later in the book Philby adopts a topical, highly selective, and somewhat repetitive method to relate some of the outstanding events of the years which followed—the capture of Haïl, the conquest of the Hijaz, the war with the Yaman, the discovery and exploitation of petroleum. Here the picture is one of a society in rapid transformation from the simple tribal economy of the Badawin, largely untouched by the life of the West, to a more complex economy of settled village and growing town in which the mechanical devices of the West have become necessities and Western ideas and philosophies are challenging the orthodoxies of traditional Islam.

Of Ibn Saud Philby writes *con amore*. The hero of his tale is courageous, magnanimous, generous, pious, and wise. He is in this book, as Ameen Rihani called him in the title of an earlier biography, the Maker of Modern Arabia. It was he who planned and executed the recovery of Riyadh, who revived and directed into useful channels the religious fanaticism of the Wahhabis.

MUCH of the book is highly personal and serves to fill out the picture of Philby which has emerged from his "A Pilgrim in Arabia," "Arabian Days," and other books. His account of the Saudi Arabian court as he has known it is brilliantly done and plays a significant part in the design of the book. The chapters on King Abdullah of Jordan and the Palestine issue, however, have no such essential role. The antagonism between Ibn Saud and the Hashemite house could have been illustrated more appropriately than by pages of carping criticism of Abdullah's character, his policies, and his published "Memoirs." The section on Palestine is devoted almost entirely to an effort to explain and correct Dr. Chaim Weizmann's account (in "Trial and Error") of Philby's "plan" to settle the Palestine problem by giving all of Palestine to the Jews and resettling the Palestine Arabs elsewhere in the Arab lands at the expense of the Jews who would have been expected to place £20 million at the disposal of King Ibn Saud for that purpose. Philby denied the Jewish claim to Palestine as of right but argued that the Arabs should make the best of an unjust situation forced upon them by Britain and America.

"Arabian Jubilee" is equipped with an elaborate genealogical table of the Saudi royal house and is illustrated with a series of beautiful photographs of Arabian scenes and personalities. It far outshines in craftsmanship and interest its current rival on the American book market, George Kheirallah's biography-history, "Arabia Reborn."

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Patagonian Polemics

"Those Perplexing Argentines," by James Bruce *(Longmans, Green. 384 pp. $5), and* ***"My Mission in Life," by Eva Peron*** *(translated by Ethel Cherry. Vantage Press. 216 pp. $2.75), throw light on the Peronista movement in South America's most populous country. The first is a study by the former U. S. Ambassador to Argentina, the latter a propaganda-biography by one of the chief figures of the movement. Robert J. Alexander, who reviews them below, is assistant professor of economics at Rutgers University and author of "The Peron Era."*

By Robert J. Alexander

MOST North Americans when they take time off to think at all about the Peron regime in Argentina write it down as "Fascist," shove it into the appropriate mental pigeon hole, and think no farther. This does not add to real understanding of the phenomenon of Peron and in fact tends to confuse the picture.

"Although Peron and his late wife and many of their supporters undoubtedly worked closely with the Nazis in Argentina before, during, and right after World War II, the Peron regime is not a Nazi government. It has none of the racial overtones of German Fascism. And it has a different social base from any of the European Fascisms. Indeed, in its social composition it more nearly resembles Europe's Communist than its Fascist movements.

Peronismo is a native Latin American, and more particularly Argentine, product. It is one of the expressions of a fundamental change which is rapidly transforming Latin America. It illustrates some of the good points and most of the dangers which can come out of that great social revolution. It has been profoundly influenced by certain traits peculiar to the Argentines.

The Latin American social revolution is founded basically on three, and in some instances four, drives: nationalism, a revolt of the masses, economic development, and sometimes yearning for political democracy. Peron faithfully represents the first three drives, but is contemptuous of the fourth. He has mixed with all of them the peculiar ingredients of Argentina's native wealth, and its desire for continental domination.

James Bruce's exceedingly readable book, "Those Perplexing Argentines," makes some of these points clear, but will leave in doubt the answer to the question with which many readers will certainly approach his volume: Why did Peronismo occur in Argentina, and what is its significance?

Bruce attempts to give his readers a picture of life in Argentina and what it is that makes the Argentines think and act as they do. He discusses what the Argentines wear, what they eat, what they read, what they think of the Church. He discusses the role of the family—and of the "casa chica," where so many Argentine men keep their "other wife." Bruce tells of the romantic Argentine cowboy, the gaucho, and of rural Argentina which came after him when barbed wire had parceled off the vastness of his unfenced pampa.

"Those Perplexing Argentines" bears witness to Mr. Bruce's wide traveling around the country while he was United States ambassador there. And, in spite of his frequent criticisms of the activities of the Peron regime, the book reflects also his fundamental liking for Peron as a man. Many Americans will be surprised by his statement that Peron "does not take . . . . . too literally" his own campaign against the United States, and that he "is, or was, friendly to us."

Bruce certainly catches some of the elements of the Peron Revolution. He stresses its nationalist theme, and discusses at some length Peron's campaign to take over foreign-owned businesses in Argentina. He feels and describes the Argentine conviction—not confined to the Peronistas—that it is Argentina's mission to be the leader of the South American countries, and to play the role in the South of the Hemisphere which the United States plays in the North.

He also understands and is sympathetic with the Argentines' desire for vast economic development. He describes sympathetically the industries the nation already has and its bustling efforts to build new and more varied ones. However, with a cattleman's eye, he is dubious about Peron's sacrifice of the country's grazing and agriculture, unmatched anywhere else in the world, in order to build up a manufacturing industry which will never be more than second rate. He touches surprisingly lightly upon the activities of the famous Government monopoly, the IAPI, which buys up agricultural products cheaply from the countryside and sells them dearly abroad. He offers the interesting conjectures that Argentina's traditional range-feeding of cattle is destined to disappear with the opening up of much more land for agricultural production; and that many grazers and agriculturalists are investing heavily in urban industry.

However, in spite of Mr. Bruce's able and interesting handling of so many

—*United Press.*

Evita in her halcyon days—"Peronismo is a native product."

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aspects of Argentine life, including the country's nationalism and economic development, it is this reviewer's impression that he concentrated his attention rather too much on middle-class urbanites and upper-class people in the countryside to be able to present a complete background for the Peron phenomenon and an explanation for why it occurred.

ONE does not see clearly the reasons for the unusual but certain loyalty of the fanatical Peronista workers for a professional military man. These reasons are to be found in the long history of the trade-union movement which had had to fight almost as much against the Government as against the employers, and suddenly found in Peron a Government leader who sided with the unions rather than with their enemies. They are to be found in the streams of semi-literate workers from the countryside who poured into Buenos Aires and other cities during the early 1940's and who, unacquainted with the history of their country's trade unionism or politics, saw in Peron the first trade unionist, and the cause of what seemed to them the phenomenally high wages and fine working conditions of the city. They are to be found in the tendency of these same workers to turn to Evita Peron and to her husband for aid in personal matters in much the way they had been accustomed to turning to the "patron" or his representative on the estancia or chacra of the countryside.

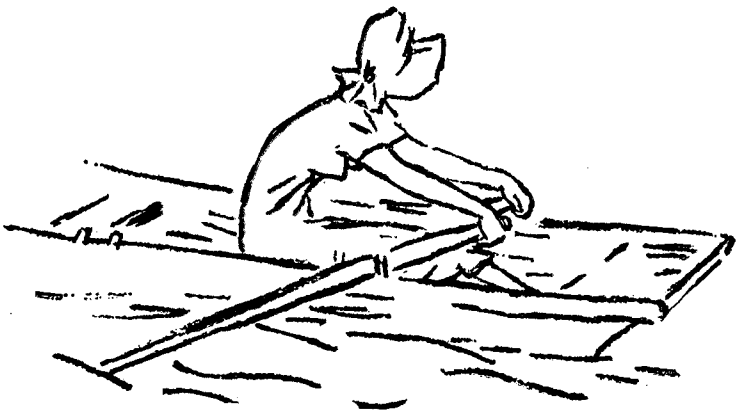
Nor does Mr. Bruce offer any information which might explain why, when he had the support in free elections of almost two-thirds of the Argentines, Peron did not choose to become a democrat instead of a totalitarian dictator. Perhaps the former ambassador's liking for Peron as a man made it difficult for him to see that Peron, insofar as he had political ideas before becoming President, had totalitarian ideas.

Certainly the pronouncements of the secret officers' group, the GOU, of which Peron was a prominent leader, were quite clear in their contempt for democracy. Peron's own statements concerning the role of the Army as a chosen elite indicate the same tendencies. Mr. Bruce's only explanation for Peronista totalitarianism is that political tyranny is inevitable when a country sets about, as has Argentina under Peron, to nationalize a considerable proportion of its industries. This seems hardly a satisfactory analysis.

Eva Peron's "My Mission in Life" throws some more light on the reasons for the Peronista phenomenon. The

(*Continued on page* 39)

FICTION



—*By Alice Caddy, for "The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver."*

Ex-Soldier's Search of the South

Ben Lucien Burman's "The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver" *(Julian Messner. 237 pp. $3.75) tells of a returning G.I.'s attempt to find a place to put down his roots in the Mississippi country.*

By Carl Carmer

THE Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver," Ben Lucien Burman's best novel so far, is a suspenseful and moving narrative. Its characters are representative of hundreds of thousands of Americans whom social-minded fellow citizens describe as underprivileged. Since they live close to the economic borderline of hunger in a lonely landscape of woods and streams and little towns in the middle of the United States, a locale where even the names of the cities of over ten thousand inhabitants are not recognizable to most of today's readers, it will inevitably be termed "regional" by readers and critics who do not regard such places as New York, Chicago, or Detroit as regions.

Mr. Burman knows and understands these people living in the heart of our land and he depicts them with an authority possessed by few authors who write of the American scene. He has observed their lives with such sensitivity and comprehension that the reader is continually astonished by the wealth of detail that brings his story alive. He knows their natural background, their naivete, their ignorance, their tendencies toward violence. He also knows the rhythms of their frequently poetic speech, their simple wonderment at and delight in the cheap and tawdry "pretties" which they covet but can rarely afford, their joys in tattooed images on their bodies, dolls won at shabby carnivals, melodramatic emotionalism in the evangelist's tent, gambling at sinister cockfights.

Here Mr. Burman is telling the story of Mundy Tolliver, back from the war, who sets out with a companion named Pee Wee to find a place where he can put down his roots. In the course of his wanderings he runs a perambulating store, finds and loses a girl, loses his money. When the reader has finished reading this intensely human novel he will realize that Mr. Burman is not only a skilled writer but an honest one. He has not, as have many too angry and less able writers, loaded his dice. Mundy does not suspect, nor do those who read about him, that he is a "victim of society" but, because he is a man of courage who would benefit by experience, he lays about him so vigorously that the villains who oppose him, including "society," are brought to terms. The Mississippi country in which he fought his battles is here described as no other living writer can describe it. His "woman trouble" is a vivid and real experience, no more convincing, however, than his venture into crime or his two-year confinement in a prison not at all like Joliet, Sing Sing, or Alcatraz.

Mr. Burman has written a novel permeated with the kind of humor that leaves sadness in its wake. It is meaningful, true, and wise. His regionalism is a picturesque and effective contribution to a moving universality.

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Fate in Eternity

"Grateful to Life and Death," by R. K. Narayan *(Michigan State College Press. 213 pp. $3), the second novel by the great Indian writer to be published here, is concerned with each man's problem of finding his place in the universe.*

By John Frederick Muehl

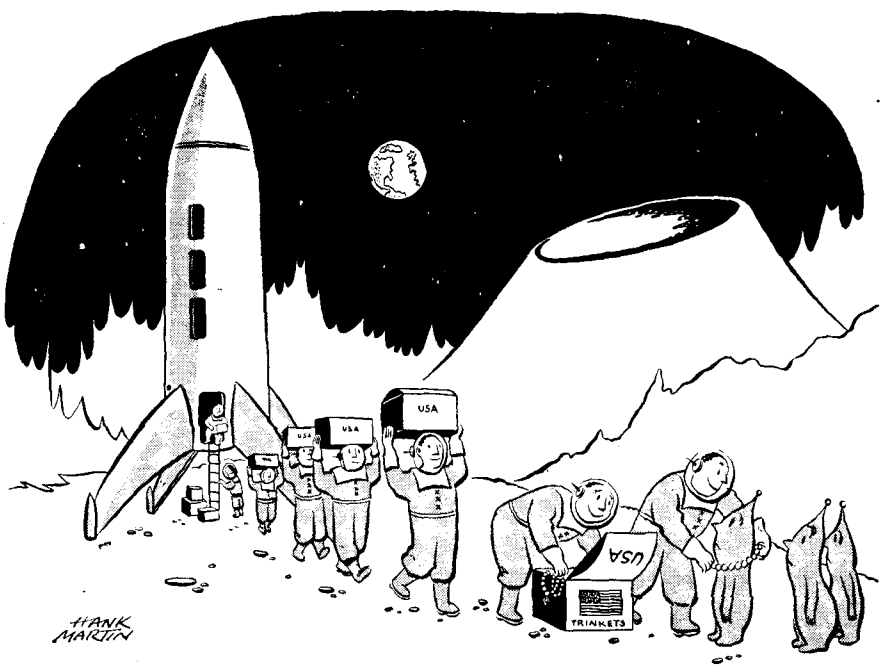
IT HAS been barely six months since the Michigan State College Press introduced the work of R. K. Narayan in this country with the publication of "The Financial Expert"; but it has become all too apparent even in this short time that Mr. Narayan is getting nothing like the wide reading that he deserves. It is therefore with some urgency that one writes about the second of Mr. Narayan's novels to be published here, for while "Grateful to Life and Death" lacks the brilliance of its predecessor and is in most respects a less clever book, it shows a depth of perception and a beauty of craftsmanship which few contemporary authors have been able to combine, and demands if anything an upward revision of even our own high estimate of Mr. Narayan's powers.

"Grateful to Life and Death" is first distinguished by its simplicity. It is the first-person narration by an Indian college teacher of his life in a boy's school, of the arrival of his wife, and of her death after a short and idyllic family interlude. More broadly, it is the story of the growth of a character; at the outset Krishna is the habitual cynic whose considered description of his work at the college is, "I mug up and repeat and they mug up and repeat." But through sorrow over his wife and through love of his daughter Krishna is forcefully reminded of his own humanity until at the last he even achieves a kind of mystic immortality, living in the past with his wife and in the future with his daughter.

This is an important and familiar Indian theme. Man has got to accept his place in the universe; he must come to terms with the world around him and realize himself in the context of some great natural plan. Yet Mr. Narayan's book is not about India. It is set in India, but it is about man himself, and perhaps the best measure of its thematic intensity is the transparency of its setting, interesting as it is.

Mr. Narayan has repeatedly been compared with Chekhov. Ordinarily such comparisons are gratuitous and strained, but in this case there are such clear and insistent echoes that any careful reader will be aware of them. There is that sense of rightness which transcends mere structure. There is the inextricable blending of tragedy and humor. Most of all, there is a brooding awareness of fate which makes the story seem not authored, but merely transcribed.

The question is not really whether American readers will discover the genius of R. K. Narayan. The question is rather whether they will discover it with the publication of "Grateful to Life and Death" or wait ten years.



Suicide by Proxy

"Bravo My Monster," by Oscar Tarcov *(Henry Regnery. 133 pp. $3), is a symbolic novel of modern man's predicament—a captive in his own home, obliged by a monster to construct his own coffin.*

By Saul Bellow

THE hero of Oscar Tarcov's novel, "Bravo My Monster," is a captive who is keeping a journal. His captor, the monster of the title, is a man with a gun who has forced his way into the apartment, beaten him brutally, and enslaved him. He is kept prisoner, cut off from all communication with the outside world. No ordinary thug or robber, the man with the gun has a purpose, namely, the destruction of his victim, his moral destruction first and then his physical annihilation. It is this strange process which the captive is allowed to record. All his attempts at escape are frustrated, and as one device after another fails the monster grows more vindictive. Eventually he brings lumber into the apartment and under his direction the captive builds a trunk. Painted black and equipped with a padlock, this trunk is an object of profoundest terror to its helpless builder. He is forced to lie in it—which drives him temporarily insane—and is moved to a secret place where he is further tormented in a room in which he cannot stand upright and where he presently meets his death.

The reader is at first reluctant to accept the inevitability of this predicament; it is hard to understand why the hero reasons so much and does so little. But Mr. Tarcov's motive, which soon becomes clear, is an entirely acceptable one. Civilized man, I understand him to be saying, has lost a great deal of his power to resent injustice; his deepest passions, excepting perhaps his passion for ratiocination itself, are not very durable and are all too soon dissipated. The victim's hatred of his tormentor is slow to form and never achieves its climax. Resistance to the monster thus is late to begin and is always impeded by the thoughtfulness of the captive, *e.g.*, that which makes of him a civilized man. The monster is not, however, the victor. In the last analysis though he can destroy his captive he cannot turn him into a monster inferior to himself. The captive manages to retain his manhood, recovering from his temporary insanity; his understanding is, rather, refined by his sufferings. Near death,

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he is capable of reflecting how great the monster's pain would be should he ever aspire to become a man once more.

This is the argument of Mr. Tarcov's fantasy. With its primitive elements—captivity, pain, helplessness, and death—it becomes at moments immensely powerful. Mr. Tarcov has learned from Poe and from Kafka how to cut us off from the normal world at one stroke. This does not mean that he is to be thought of as another brilliant imitator. He has his own understanding of this mystery and is a writer of no small independence and of very considerable literary talent.

Midpassage à trois

Elizabeth Janeway's "Leaving Home" *(Doubleday. 315 pp. $3.95) is a report on what befell the three Bishop children during the New Deal decade, after they left their Brooklyn home.*

By Milton Crane

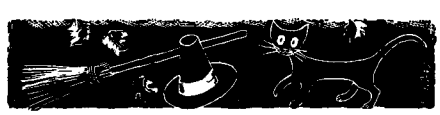
IN her new novel, "Leaving Home," Elizabeth Janeway traces the growth of two sisters and a brother from 1933 to 1940, from adolescence to early maturity, from the uneasy unity of the Bishop family's "big old Gothic monstrosity of a house" in Brooklyn to three separate lives. Mrs. Janeway's title underlines the sense of revolt in each of the children against the home and the family, but Nina, Kermit, and Marion find such different paths to their several goals that the only common element in their stories—the fact of their leaving the nest—has little significance.

Nina, the eldest, is twenty-one when we meet her, a good-looking, discontented editorial assistant on a magazine, uncertain whether to marry her solid, uninspiring young man. She is by far the most ill-tempered young woman in recent American fiction, and knows it; whether she is "rebelling against the tide which is carrying her toward conformity," as the dust-jacket avers, or whether she needs very badly to be married—or spanked—is not easily determined. Fortunately, her fiance becomes masterful, and Nina retires to a moderately contented married life in Scarsdale; when we last see her she has taken advantage of her son's illness to absent herself disapprovingly from Marion's wedding, and we have the feeling that Nina has after all not changed very much through the years.

The brother, Kermit, is an intelligent, self-willed, and ambitious young man, thoroughly spoiled by his mother and sisters. Nina, to whom he feels a somewhat pathological attachment, bitterly disappoints him by marrying a man he regards as a nonentity. Kermit methodically uses his friends and acquaintances to advance his career, eventually becoming a middle-sized bureaucrat in the later days of the New Deal. (The novel here ceases to traffic with plausibility: Kermit's rise in the Washington hierarchy, like his later decision to become a flyer, is recounted almost perfunctorily.)

The youngest Bishop, Marion, emerges from the background when Kermit encounters her at a party on Long Island and helps rescue her from a fairly grotesque love affair. Under the casual and friendly supervision of Kermit and his mistress Jean, Marion gradually recovers her balance and ends by marrying a more suitable man, thus offering Nina the occasion for a few reflections on life and love and freeing Kermit for new adventures.

Mrs. Janeway tells her story smoothly and on the whole ably, recreating enough of the atmosphere of the middle and late Thirties to lend the behavior of her characters reasonable verisimilitude. The Bishop children fail, however, both individually and collectively, to impress themselves strongly on the reader. None of them undergoes a meaningful development: Nina grows from a peevish girl to an irritable woman; Kermit is (with brief intermissions) first and last the same purposeful egotist; and Marion trustingly bumbles from one predicament into another, at the mercy of every whim. The book seems to suggest that the sum of their stories points some larger meaning; the fact that no such meaning emerges may explain why so workmanlike a novel remains ultimately unsatisfying.



Lifetimes on Deck

"The Eternal Voyagers," by Robert F. Mirvish *(William Sloane Assoc. 314 pp. $3.50), is a novel about the men who sail tankers, written by a ship's radio officer who has served for twelve years in our merchant marine.*

By Howard Pease

FOR the man who would like to get away from it all and ship out to foreign ports Robert F. Mirvish's second novel, "The Eternal Voyagers," is just the book. It is an authentic day-by-day account of life at sea in a modern ship.

The tanker *Pan Nebraska* sails from Savannah for a year's voyage, which means in this case plying the lonely seas between the Persian Gulf and Japan. Below deck is an inflammable cargo. It is a cargo the men never mention and try to forget, otherwise they would never sign on this type of ship. As the days slide into weeks tensions mount among the men, whose thoughts turn to food and drink and women.

In command is Captain Olivier, so easily annoyed that he erupts at the least provocation. An able skipper, he is about to be retired because of age. At the end of this voyage all his dreams of settling down on a farm in upstate New York will materialize, and no longer will he be plagued by the burden of command and by officers and crewmen who are either crackpots or rumpots. Yet, as his ship steams in ballast through the Suez Canal toward Kuwait, her loading port, he becomes less sure of being ready to retire. For will not those coming days of leisure mean the end of life as he has always known it?

There are other men on board with problems, too. One is Mike McCoy, the young bos'n, who has chosen to follow the sea as a career and has made the mistake of marrying a girl in Boston who insists upon his working ashore. While the captain's story is one of humor and amusement, Mike's is all tragedy. Mike wants the sea and a wife, too; but he knows he cannot have both. Because he is unable to choose between them, he is lost.

On board also is a nameless Kid who represents those teen-agers who ship out in search of an answer to their dreams and who find life at sea not a bit as they expected. At first the Kid is appalled by his fo'c'sle mates. Gradually he learns to accept them and, in doing so, falls into their easy

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The Critical Legacy of Sir Max

"Around Theatres," by Max Beerbohm *(British Book Centre. 583 pp. $6.75), is a collection of articles on the drama he contributed to the* Saturday Review *of London between 1898 and 1910. Below it is reviewed by Alan Dent, drama critic of the London* News-Chronicle, *who is president of the Maximilian Society, an organization dedicated to the appreciation of Beerbohm.*

By Alan Dent

NOW on my first visit to New York, I am a shadow of a shade embarrassed to find that a little book called "An Experience of Critics," largely by Christopher Fry, has preceded me here, when I thought it was only appearing in Britain. I am concerned to find myself opining herein that American critics, having what seems to us in England an excess of space in their newspapers and journals, are peculiarly subject to "the writer's occupational diseases of redundance and tautology."

It is a relief, however, to find, in the same essaylet, an observation of mine with which no true critic the wide world over can possibly disagree (largely because he must automatically and naturally assume that he belongs to the first of my categories). These are my three distinct varieties of critics:—

(1) Those with something to say and an arresting and lively way of saying it—
(2) Those with nothing to say and an arresting and lively way of saying it—
(3) Those with nothing to say and a dull, vulgar, or dead way of saying it.

One would declare very nearly without question or reservation that Sir Max Beerbohm comes into the first of these three classes. But perpend and await! Let us first give an inkling of the history of his lately published book, "Around Theatres." It is a handsome single-volume container of the cream of the master's criticism of the theatre. This same material was previously accessible only in two volumes in the complete uniform edition of the works (and this could be purchased only in America). It is the critic's own selection from the weekly articles he wrote for London's *Saturday Review* between 1898 and 1910. This was an amusing rather than a rich period in the history of the London theatre. Bernard Shaw, who had been Max's predecessor, had several of his plays produced for the first time—notably "John Bull's Other Island," "Getting Married," and "The Doctor's Dilemma." Barrie blessed us with "The Admirable Crichton" and "Peter Pan"; Granville Barker's plays won acceptance with the London public in the epoch-making Court Theatre seasons. But these things and a few others apart, Max was unlucky in his theatre. He had to cope with Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet, with Pinero on his long and very gradual downgrade, with a rather similar phase in the career of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, with some Shakespearean revivals in which he could find little joy, and with an epidemic of reminiscences by people like Clement Scott (trying) and Ellen Terry (delicious). How Max coped is in this book revealed.

It is supererogatory to say that he coped wittily. Open the big volume anywhere at random and you find a flawlessly cut gem. My very first jewel is one that must have been in the back of my mind when I coined my three categories of critic: "Actresses may be divided into four classes: those who comport themselves beautifully on the stage and give the impression of real life; those who only comport themselves beautifully; those who only give the impression of real life; and those who do neither of these things. The last of these classes is the largest; and the first, in which only the greatest actresses can be placed, is, of course, the smallest."

Of a revival by Oscar Asche of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" in which there was altogether too much apple-munching: "I suggest that two-thirds or so of the fruit consumed on the stage might with advantage be consumed in the dressing-rooms." Of a revival in which that almost over-virile actor Lewis Waller played Romeo: "His whole performance is 'magnifique, mais—c'est la guerre,' whilst Romeo, as we know him, was bellicose only in his off-moments. 'Oh, sweet Juliet,' cries Mr. Waller, 'thy beauty hath made me effeminate, and in my temper soften'd valour's steel!' But it hathn't."

Max Beerbohm—"diamantine."

Again we may happen to open at a review of Hugo's "Ruy Blas" as translated by John Davidson. This exemplifies Max's wonderfully varied style of comment at its best and most diamantine. Within a few lines he is all but monosyllabic, mordantly so: "I do not say that he could have done his work better. I do say that he ought not to have done it at all." Then he catches the splendid splash of Victor Hugo in his own prose when he declares Davidson's blank verse "no medium at all for the jolly headlong unreality and monstrosity of Hugoesque romance." And he finally and characteristically concludes his paragraph with a choice oxymoron: "Only by knowing the French language, and by seeing 'Ruy Blas' in the original version, can we—solidly sentimental Anglo-Saxons—project ourselves into receptivity of this inspired balderdash."

ONLY the mindless—or those impatient with yesterday and over-eager for tomorrow—could possibly mistake this treasure house for a mausoleum. Max on Rostand can with deadly ease be applied to Mr. Fry today: "His lines are loaded and encrusted with elaborate phrases and curious conceits, which are most fascinating to any one who, like me, cares for such things." Or again when commending Joseph Conrad for writing, or at least trying to write, a play: "It is awful to remember that every day throughout the length and breadth of the land, duffers innumerable are, with fervid industry, planning new scenarios, and turning out dialogue by the ream, and getting

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Sir Winston Churchill: Nobel Prize Winner

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is written by Samuel Eliot Morison, for many years Jonathan Trumbull Professor of History in Harvard University and official historian of the United States Navy in World War II.*

THE ENTIRE historical profession is honored in the honor to Sir Winston; for it is the first time in half a century that an historian has won the Nobel Prize for Literature; in 1902 it was bestowed on Theodor Mommsen. Restricted as this prize is to "literature of an idealist tendency," few historians would even qualify, since few are able to apply "idealist" tendencies to the past. Even if we define "idealist" as synonymous with "creative," what historians might have won the prize—assuming, of course, that the prize had always existed? Herodotus certainly, and Thucydides. Gibbon would have rated, and Macaulay, and Lord Clarendon, the Winston Churchill of Charles the Second's day. Our own Parkman and Prescott, certainly. For Italy, Ferrero; for France, Henry Martin; possibly Sorel. And of living historians, George Macaulay Trevelyan. But I cannot for the life of me think of another I would have voted for if I had been a judge.

There is no question but that Churchill is a great historian. He has verve, style, honesty, imagination, and, above all, superb craftsmanship.

How did he learn the craft? The young men and women today who are training to be historians wish to know. Well, my answer is, background, innate capacity, experience, and a vigorous course of self-teaching; that each was essential, but no one would have worked without the others. Sir Winston is a descendant of the great Marlborough; and the son of Lord Randolph Churchill, an important figure in Victorian politics; and, on the distaff side, he is a member of our oldest hereditary society, the Cincinnati. Thus he absorbed history *through the skin.* History was in the air during his youth. People discussed it at his parents' table. He knew from childhood that he was heir to a great tradition. And right here is an important lesson for us. We have plenty of intelligent youths in the United States and Canada with a background similar to Churchill's, but we do not recruit them for Clio. We choose graduate students from the top-grade college graduates, and wonder why they do not do better when it comes to writing history. The trouble with these lads is that, no matter how bright they may be, they never can catch up with the sort of thing that Winston had from birth. Call this snobbery if you will; it is the truth.

SO WE are back at the question, how did Winston become a great historian, the only one to win the Nobel Prize for Literature? First and foremost, this infiltration of history "through the skin." Second, a prodigious memory, which enables him to repeat verbatim a lecture that has interested him, or a whole Shakespeare play. Third, Harrow-on-the-Hill. He has told us about that school in "My Early Life" (1944). He hated the classical education forced on him, but he had to go through with it. He had to translate Caesar, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and Martial, even with a trot. And he doubled his work in what we call English Composition, because he swapped tasks with a good classicist who did his translations, while he wrote the other fellow's English themes. Most of all, the encouragement of a wise headmaster and the English system of education, which requires every teacher, no matter what his subject, to teach English. In the United States only the teachers in the English Department teach English; the others let their students get by with any old gobbledegook; an aspiring historian has two strikes against him at the start. Winston hated Latin, but I will wager that when he read Caesar's "Commentaries" the boy said to himself, "I'll have something like that to write one day, and I'll do it even better." Which he did.

Winston's school record was so poor that his father refused to let him go on to Oxford or Cambridge; sent him to Sandhurst for an Army career. That and the Royal Navy were the only respectable alternatives in those days for English boys of his class who did not make good in public school. Winston went through Sandhurst and obtained his commission. Then began his real literary education. It was in the winter of 1896-97, in his twenty-second year when, as an officer of the Fourth Hussars, he was stationed at Bangalore in India. He had already "picked up a wide vocabulary . . . and a liking for words, and for the feel of words fitting and falling into their places like pennies in the slot"—a gift that he never lost. Now he wished to find out about things, and concepts. *Ethics.* What did that mean? He had to read Aristotle to find out. *History.* What was that? He had read no history at school except a wretched abstract of Hume. So he sent for sets of Gibbon and Macaulay and devoured them. His cousin and my friend Sir Shane Leslie, to whom he gave one of his volumes of Gibbon, tells me that the margins are covered with Winston's questions, remarks, criticisms. All that was vital for his literary future. He had read critically the two great stylists among modern English historians. He was too sensible to try to imitate their style. But the beauty, the muscular strength, the majestic cadence of their style did something to his mind, and there are distant echoes of Gibbon and Macaulay in his latest volume. Here is another lesson that our American historical students have never learned. Gibbon to them is "old stuff," Macaulay is "old hat," Parkman is "drum and trumpet history," and so on. They never read through an historian who is pre-eminent for his style. Without one inspiring example how can they become first rate themselves?

Churchill's first serious history, "The River War: an Historic Account

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of the Re-conquest of the Soudan," which came out fifty-four years ago, was not a great book. It was just the average sort of contemporary history, with a rather unusual flair for vivid description. For instance:—"Since they (the Seaforth Highlanders) would not run, their loss was heavy, and it was a strange sight—the last vivid impression of the day—to watch them struggling through the deep sand, with the dust knocked up into clouds by the bullets which struck all around them. Very few escaped, and the bodies of the killed lay thickly dotting the river-bed with heaps of dirty-white. Then at 8:25 the 'Cease Fire' sounded and the battle of the Atkara ended."

THIS is good writing; but any first-class newspaper correspondent could have done as well; and no critic reading "The River War" predicted, "Here is a great historian." Churchill had to work constantly to improve his style. It would be a fascinating study to follow him, book by book; but we have no time for it here. His competence developed with his political experience. Polybius, twenty-one centuries ago, wrote that historians should be men of action; for without a personal knowledge of how things happen a writer will inevitably distort the true relations and importance of events. Basil Williams quotes a French writer, *"Ecrire l'histoire, c'est agir; et c'est pourquoi il courient que l'historien soit homme d'action."* But most of our men of action today have neither the time nor the capacity to write; Churchill found the time and had the capacity. He wrote when he was out of power about the Duke of Marlborough, and he wrote when he was in power about the events that he observed; and he went right on improving.

Neither of his greater histories, his memoirs of World War I or his "Second World War" is impartial, and he never pretended that they were; but they are honest. They describe events as he saw them, and in the most arresting and intriguing prose. Turn, if you will, to "Their Finest Hour" ("Second World War," Vol. II) pages 383 and following, and read the story of how Professor Lindemann (now Lord Cherwell), Winston's *éminence grise*, brought in one of his former pupils to explain what he knew of one of the Germans' secret weapons, the "Knickebein," and how the British dealt with it. Could anything be more fascinating? Turn to "The Hinge of Fate" (Vol. IV), on the Battles of the Coral Sea and Midway. He boiled it all down from one of my own volumes—and handsomely acknowledged his debt in the preface—but I could never have done it so well myself. And the ringing conclusion to these two great naval battles is all Churchill:

> The annals of war at sea present no more intense, heartshaking shock than these two battles, in which the qualities of the United States Navy and Air Force and the American race shone forth in splendour. The novel and hitherto utterly unmeasured conditions which air warfare had created made the speed of action and the twists of fortune more intense than has ever been witnessed before. But the bravery and self-devotion of the American airmen and sailors and the nerve and skill of their leaders was the foundation of all. As the Japanese Fleet withdrew to their far-off home ports their commanders knew not only that their aircraft-carrier struggle was irretrievably broken, but that they were confronted with a will-power and passion in the foe they had challenged worthy of the highest traditions of their Samurai ancestors and backed by a development of power, numbers, and science to which no limit could be set.

NOTE his use of vibrant words and phrases—splendour—twists of fortune—will-power, and passion; note the reference to history, of which he was always conscious even if, in this case, it was Japanese history; and he even gets in a tribute to American production and science. Not only sentence and paragraph structure but choice of words—*le mot juste*—are vital elements in Churchill's craft. Tens of thousands of people, not only English-speaking but from all parts of the world, read Churchill when they will read no other history of World War II. Churchill was not at Coral Sea or Midway; he had little time to know what went on in the Pacific; but he recognizes brave deeds and the effect of great decisions when he hears of them, and he places our achievements in the Pacific on the same plane as those of the sailors and soldiers of his King in Africa, Asia, and Europe.

According to the news release about the Nobel Prize, it was conferred on Churchill not only for his books but for his oratory. And his oratory is indeed superb. We all know his aphorisms such as "blood, sweat and tears." One of the finest set speeches I have ever listened to was his when given an honorary degree at Harvard in September 1943. Note the boldness and truth of this one paragraph:

> Twice in my lifetime the long arm of destiny has reached across the ocean and involved the entire life and manhood of the United States in a deadly struggle. There was no use saying: "We don't want it, we won't have it; our forebears left Europe to avoid those quarrels; we have founded a new world which has no contact with the old"—there was no use in that. The long arm reaches out remorselessly and every one's existence, environment, and outlook undergo a swift and irresistible change.

AFTER the official ceremonies were over Churchill was asked informally to address the young soldiers and sailors then training at the University. He was unprepared; he had not even been told that this was expected of him; but this is what he said, in part (and, remember, this was before Salerno, before Tarawa, before Normandy):

> I have no reason to suppose that the climax of the war has been reached. I have no reason to suppose that the heaviest sacrifices in blood and life do not lie before the armed forces of Britain and America. I know of no reason for supposing that the climax of the war has been reached even in Europe, and certainly not in Asia. . . . I bid you all good fortune and success, and I earnestly trust that when you find yourselves alongside our soldiers and sailors you will feel that we are your worthy brothers in arms. And you shall know that we will never tire nor weaken. We shall march with you into every quarter of the globe to establish a reign of justice and law among men.

In that time and setting this was the most eloquent extempore address I have ever heard.

Nobody, and certainly not Churchill, will claim that his "Second World War," of which the sixth and final volume will shortly appear, is "objective." He was too close to events; too much a part of them. He had neither the time nor the staff to sift everything to the bottom; consequently some assumptions of the time are accepted as facts, when the facts turn out to be different. But the general impression is correct. It is splendid history; magnanimous to our enemies, understanding and generous to England's allies, even to those who have sadly defected since 1945; vibrant with the passion and fervor of the time; written in muscular, virile prose.

So, here's a "Hurrah!" for the Nobel Prize Committee, and a three-times-three for "Winnie." And if any historian, British or American, won't join in the cheer, let him be condemned to sit forever in a college library, reading Ph.D. dissertations!

—SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

LOVE AND ORGASM

KINSEY MAY HAVE FOUND as Freud did "that civilized man has inhibitions which cost him something in the welfare of society," but where Kinsey's book is most valuable is in his questioning and analyzing this welfare of society. He has never denied *in toto* the need for society to place restrictions upon the individual's sexual impulse, but again and again in his writings and in his lectures he has urged us to determine which laws and curbs upon the citizen make sense and which do not. He has asked us to distinguish between the nuisance and the sexual criminal. This attitude is what Dr. Menninger [*SR* Sept. 26] does not suggest. Implicit throughout his article is the assumption that after all society as it is now constituted is right and just and that the individual had better behave or else. Of course, as Kinsey has written, the individual can be made to conform somewhat further than he now does by the creation of new laws and by a stricter enforcement of the existing penal code. But, for the happiness of the individual as well as for the gain of the group, there are cases where an increasing tolerance on the part of society would be justified.

Love may be the most important fact of life, but it has been made so clear that it is not love which Kinsey is measuring that one wonders why Dr. Menninger brings it up. His heavily loaded illustrations of "good" and "bad" sexuality do not refute Kinsey's assertion that from a neurological viewpoint an orgasm is an orgasm.

ALFRED GRAY REID.

San Francisco, Calif.

"COSMIC VIEW"

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND the appearance in a journal devoted to contemporary culture of John Paterson's "A Cosmic View of the Private Eye" [*SR* Aug. 22]. Mr. Paterson's ideas are ingenious, if somewhat unrelated to the thousands of mystery novels I have reviewed; and I suppose one might condone such matters as quoting as typical of the Continental Op the very scene in "Red Harvest" in which he explains why this is *not* a typical case, or referring to "The Maltese Falcon" as Hammett's last novel and "the final scene of [Spade's] career in fiction," when it is in fact neither.

But the unpardonable aspect of the article is that it could have been written without the change of a word five or even (with the omission of the brief paragraph on Wade Miller) ten years ago. The mystery novel has changed greatly in those ten years. For instance, the "obtuse and boyishly admiring foil" of "the transcendent sleuth" is one with the great auk. But it has changed particularly in the private-eye field with the emergence of Mickey Spillane and his imitators, whose sadistic and ithyphallic executors of private justice bear no relation to the detectives of Hammett and Chandler.

When, toward the end of his article, Mr. Paterson shifts from Hammett and Chandler to "the more recent hardboiled writers," who turns up? Geoffry Homes and George Harmon Coxe! Homes is a writer primarily of the late 1930's, who hasn't published a novel since 1946. Coxe is still writing, but he began appearing in "Black Mask" around the same time as Chandler (the early 1930's) and in hard covers in 1935, four years before Chandler.

I just don't see the point of publishing this inaccurate and outdated speculation. Maybe I lack the cosmic view.

ANTHONY BOUCHER.

Berkeley, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Smith—about this Redcoat tea you were told to throw in the harbor—"

RESPONSE

IF THE ARTICLE "A Cosmic View of the Private Eye" had pretended to be an historical survey of detective fiction then Mr. Boucher's central objection (which was, as I took it, on the score of its incompleteness) might have been well-founded. The article was solely concerned, however, to identify and explain, in terms of cultural history, what the writer believed to be, and still believes to be, the two major trends in the detective fiction of some three generations, trends embodied in the figures of "the transcendent sleuth" and "the private eye." "A Cosmic View" would have been a pompous term, indeed, had it not been designed to suggest a view not affected by considerations of five or ten years.

But, as a matter of record, I do not see that anything has happened in the last ten years to render my categories as outrageously "outdated" as Mr. Boucher would seem to suggest. The disappearance of the boyishly admiring foil hardly resembles a development of major proportions, while that the transcendent sleuth continues to operate with magical proficiency seems to me a fact of infinitely greater significance. Furthermore, Mr. Boucher's notion that Mickey Spillane's fictions represent a new development in the field would seem to depend upon his own highly dubious reading of him: Spillane's "sadistic and ithyphallic executors of private justice bear no relation to the detectives of Hammett and Chandler." For it seems to me almost self-evident that Mike Hammer belongs to the tradition of Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe and on the very grounds by which Mr. Boucher seeks to prove the contrary: that he is, like them, an "executor of private justice." He is Spade without Spade's discreet personal morality; he is Marlowe without Marlowe's ardent social consciousness. Indeed, he is the best argument I know for the view that the private eye has sorely degenerated.

I do blushingly confess, however, to at least one glaring inaccuracy proclaimed by Mr. Boucher: "The Maltese Falcon" was not Hammett's last novel, does not represent Sam Spade's final appearance in fiction. I would plead poetic license if I could but I will be content to be silently grateful that the inaccuracy does not seriously compromise my argument.

JOHN PATERSON.

Princeton, N. J.

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Fat Worms and Fat Stories

"The Adventures of John Wetherell," edited by C. S. Forester *(Doubleday. 379 pp. $5), is the first publication of the memoirs of an English seaman of the Napoleonic Era. Here it is reviewed by Thomas Caldecot Chubb, a longtime student of nautical history.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

EVERY once in a while a man appears who not only does things in a high-hearted manner but has the ability to set them down, and when we encounter such a one and discover that he inclines to slant fact in his own favor we are well advised not to cavil too much. Benvenuto Cellini, after all, is hardly the less to be cherished because he achieves his successes and confounds his enemies without too much regard for the duller way in which things may actually have happened. It is a truism that no one is ever a hero to his valet, but it is equally self-evident that if some men were not heroes to themselves we would have lost a fair number of delightful books.

Among others, we would certainly have lost "The Adventures of John Wetherell," long hidden away in three closely-packed handwritten volumes that were first committed to paper on Chrystie Street in the New York of more than a century ago. They are now happily rescued from oblivion by the sharp eye and editorial skill of C. S. Forester, himself the most notable modern writer of historical novels dealing with the sea. For if this son of an English whaling captain whose education was only what he could pick up, had not regarded his passage from the cradle (he was born in 1780) to the grave (he died some time after 1834) as something of more than passing importance, he would hardly have had the patience to write down as they occurred, or to reconstruct from memory, enough of his multitudinous adventures to have made, if they had not been abridged, a book a thousand pages long.

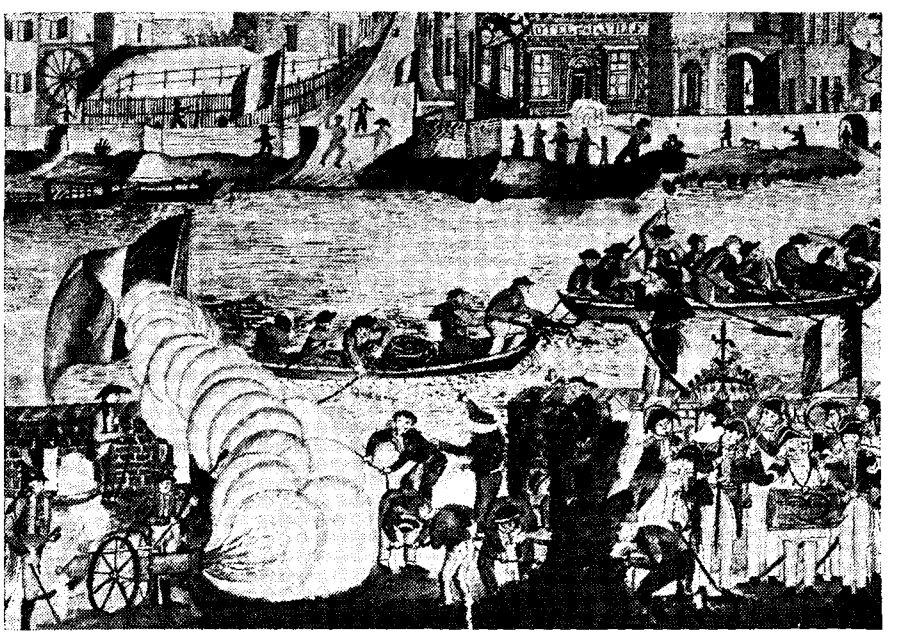
In a sense this self-assurance was justified. It is said that there is a novel in the life of every man who ever lived. But John Wetherell's life was more than ordinary one. An English seaman who witnessed the Battle of the Nile, he ended up as a peaceful American trader in the West Indies. The scope of his experiences was as wide as the distance between Aboukir Bay and St. Kitts. It embraced the whole Jack Tar life of a stirring age.

All this is not in the book, however, which, as edited by Mr. Forester, is divided into, and limited to, three parts. The first tells of Wetherell's days as impressed seaman on H.M.S. *Hussar,* which was commanded by the notorious captain Sir Philip Wilkinson. Life in the forecastle has never been namby-pamby, but the hardships encountered by the diarist are much more than having to eat "fat round English biscuits filled with fat round English worms" as once described to this reviewer by John Masefield. Wilkinson was rather one of those commanders who—again Mr. Masefield—"thought he was spoiling a man when he hit him with a rope's end instead of a board." The insecure, self-made, sadistic "Sir Phil"—and I make all the subtractions necessary because of Wetherell's intense prejudice—never "spoiled his men," not even when they were torn to bits and bleeding after "the damned Croppoes" had given them "an infernal drubbing."

The second section deals with the author's eleven years in France as what we now call a POW. It is extraordinary how his experiences match those that come back from Korea even today. There was a death march (of a sort, and much less brutal), there was boredom, there was ingenuity, there was intrigue, and of course there was the prisoner who peached on his fellows to toady favor. He was nearly killed, as we might expect. But also there was some pleasantness, much kindness on the part of French civilians, some drinking of "Sneek" (whatever that may have been), and quite a little marrying and love.

THEN the war was over, and after a brief sojourn in England we find Wetherell first mate upon the *Alfred* bound for South Africa with a cargo of missionaries ("not a Sinner on board except the Boatswain and he had a grant to swear in moderations, any time except on Sundays") and of their somewhat less than saintly wives. At this point the tale simultaneously grows Rabelaisian and delightful. But I will not spoil it for any possible readers, observing only that Dr. Kinsey would have found some subjects to interview.

The whole thing is set down by a man who is at the same time obviously unlettered and amateur, yet has a gift for phrases and an ability to observe character that most professionals would envy. It is a book for the lover of the sea, for the student of the age of Napoleon, and for all those who delight in a gusty story. I cannot promise that it will be a best-seller (though I suspect it will), but I am certain that it will be more than a minor classic among books about those who go down to the sea in ships.



—From "The Adventures of John Wetherell," by the author.

". . . a gift for phrases and ability to observe character."

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Square-Rigged History

Alan Villiers's "The Way of a Ship" *(Charles Scribner's. 378 pp. $6.50) is a comprehensive account of the development and operation of the ocean-going square-rigger. Robert Greenhalgh Albion, who reviews it here, is professor of history at Harvard, and author of "Square-Riggers on Schedule" and other books.*

By Robert Greenhalgh Albion

WHEN an Englishman starts writing about square-riggers or other sailing vessels he is apt to go into mass production. E. Keble Chatterton wrote some forty-two books on the subject in thirty-five years. Basil Lubbock's score was fifteen in thirty-seven years. Alan Villiers, starting with "Falmouth for Orders" in 1929, has now produced his thirteenth. In many ways it is the most useful of all those seventy volumes.

The scope of this unique work is indicated in its subtitle: "Being some account of the ultimate development of the ocean-going square-rigged vessel, and the manner of her handling, her voyage-making, her personnel, her economics, her performance, and her end." It is a valuable synthesis of "how things worked," a sort of counterpart of William McFee's "Watch Below," which gave an analysis of the old tramps that were encroaching steadily upon the square-riggers. For an earlier day "Trade Winds," edited by C. Northcote Parkinson, explained the workings of British shipping in the Napoleonic period. Such syntheses are not common; they are more difficult to compose than a play-by-play narrative, and they require a wide familiarity with the field, but they are extremely helpful to the reader who would understand maritime history. Villiers was well equipped for such a task; he had experience in the operation of those great ships, and has virtually lived with them for years. What is more, he can present his offerings in a style at once clear and very readable.

Most of the book deals with developments after the days of the American clippers, whose achievements have been well recorded by Clark, by Cutler, and by Howe and Matthews. The oldest ship to receive any particular attention is the *Cutty Sark*, built in 1869 when the opening of the Suez Canal and the development of the compound engine were hastening the end of the great sailing vessels. Many of Villiers's chapters, consequently, portray conditions somewhat different from the great days of sail. Perhaps the most helpful for an understanding of earlier days is the chapter on "Handling Square Sails." Starting with the familiar example of tacking or jibing in a little sailboat, he gives a clear explanation, well illustrated with diagrams, of tacking or wearing in a square-rigger. He also penetrates, with clarity, the mysteries of all the standing and running rigging and the rest of the highly complicated gear aloft. The other synthetic chapters, dealing with conditions in the later days, are "Global Sailing Conditions," "Shiphandling Under Sail," "Personnel: the Sailors," "Personnel: the Masters," "Economics," and "Standards of Conduct."

In addition to those general analytical chapters, he has given several detailed case histories, involving owners, ships, and masters. He starts with three chapters on the Laeisz Line operating out of Hamburg from 1839 to 1939. He calls their five-masted steel full-rigged ship *Preussen*, 1902-1910, "The Greatest Ship of All." He devotes similar superlative praise to a Laeisz skipper, Robert Hilgendorf. Then, after the general analytical chapters, he devotes three chapters to the story of the *Cutty Sark*, tea clipper, wool clipper, and sole survivor today of the clipper era. Finally, the training ships, school ships, and the final merchant fleet of second-hand square-riggers owned by Gustaf Erikson, who died in 1947.

Objective enough in his analytical chapters, Villiers becomes a nostalgic special pleader at times in his general discussions of these beautiful great ships which for decades had been living on borrowed time. Villiers has yet to write a dull book, and this one is the most deserving of all of a lasting place in every maritime library.

Alan Villiers—"nostalgic pleader."

Wafer in the Water

"The Boat" by Walter Gibson *(Houghton Mifflin. 101 pp. $2.50, and* ***"The Survivors," by Ronald McKie*** *(Bobbs-Merrill. 246 pp. $3), are two true stories of heroism at sea during World War II. Merle Miller, our reviewer, is the author of "Island 49" and other works on the late war.*

By Merle Miller

THERE seems to be a never-ending supply of books about survival at sea during the Second World War. Robert Trumbull, who was in Hawaii at the time and has since become *The New York Times*'s distinguished and observant correspondent in India, began the first, "The Raft," not long after Pearl Harbor. When it was published a few months later it became what is known in the book trade as "a big best-seller"—and a deserving one, too. Then, of course, there was the account of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's ordeal on a life raft as well as the late Mark Murphy's moving "Eighty-three Days," the story of a young American sailor who spent twelve weeks aimlessly drifting in the Atlantic. Now a decade and Heaven knows how many sea gulls and life rafts later there are two more volumes to add to the already crowded shelf, and both are worth the long wait.

Since an abbreviated account of "The Boat" appeared some time ago in *The Reader's Digest*, it is already familiar to a sizable minority of the earth's population, but now Walter Gibson, "the only white survivor . . . who on March 2, 1942, drifted across a thousand miles of ocean with nothing but a few handfuls of food and a few handfuls of water" has told the full story, simply and dramatically and with the considerable help of John Groth, who has beautifully illustrated Mr. Gibson's vivid prose.

When the Dutch steamer *Rosenbloom* was torpedoed halfway between Sumatra and Ceylon only one of her life boats was launched. The following morning it was discovered that there were 135 persons inside and clinging to the tiny boat which had been designed to hold twenty-eight.

A month later three Javanese (one of whom was immediately drowned), Gibson, and a fabulous and wonderful Chinese girl named Doris Lin were the only ones to land on a tiny island sixty miles west of Sumatra.

Of those who began the voyage more than half were young British soldiers; there were a few officers

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and one of their wives, a handful of Navy, and some Javanese sailors.

No one died easily, but a few were heroic. Many died badly, and the experience was never an ennobling one. There were those, for instance, who said of the Javanese, "To hell with the blacks—why should we suffer for them?" And five men (whites) wanted to try to guarantee their own survival by stealing the meager supplies and if necessary killing those who opposed them. These five had to be overcome by force and pushed overboard. Gibson himself tried to drown himself on one occasion, but, just before the waves closed over his head for the last time, he changed his mind and weakly climbed back into the boat.

Toward the end there were only four Javanese, Miss Lin, Gibson, and "a gunner whose name I never knew." The Javanese turned cannibal, killed the gunner, and when they had finished their ghoulish meal pushed what was left of the body over the side. Only Doris Lin, who had worked for British Intelligence against the Japanese, remained silent, calm, and seemingly unafraid.

AFTER they reached their coral island Miss Lin and Gibson never saw the Javanese again, but about six weeks later, when they had regained their strength, they were captured by the Japanese and taken back to Sumatra. Three and a half years later Walter Gibson was freed and went back to his native Scotland. He never did find out what had happened to Miss Lin, although a Japanese officer told him she had been shot as a spy.

Ronald McKie, a Sydney, Australia, newspaperman, has taken on a considerable task in "The Survivors," and he carries it off with awesome skill. He attempts to tell what happened to ten of the 289 men of the Australian light cruiser *Perth* who returned to Australia after the war. *Perth*, along with the heavy U.S. cruiser *Houston*, was sunk in the little-known battle of Sunda Strait on the last day of February 1942.

The nub of Mr. McKie's story was, he tells us, contained in a ten-cent notebook kept by one of the ten survivors, Lieutenant-Commander "Polo" Owen, a rugged, taciturn man who apparently never doubted for a moment that he would come through alive. Since the author has clearly spent a good deal of time with all of the other nine as well, he manages to give a breathless account of what happened to men, most of them enlisted, in every part of the *Perth* from the time she sailed from Tanjon Priok until she was sunk.

He then tells the infinitely varied destinies of each of his subjects in their desperate, sometimes wise, more often foolish attempts to live.

Most of them did not spend long in the water, a few hours at least, a few days at most. Some were almost immediately picked up by a Japanese destroyer, and others, by various routes, attempted to make their way back to Australia. Not one succeeded. They were all captured and spent the rest of their war in prison camps.

However, in 246 superbly written pages Mr. McKie has recaptured their desperate struggles; true, having relied almost entirely on the memories of the men, they have, being human, tended to remember themselves as being a little larger than life. They are somewhat too brave, a trifle too uncomplaining, and everlastingly courageous. Nevertheless, they manage always to be believable, and there is no doubt that Ronald McKie is a superb journalist or that "The Survivors" is an absorbing book.

—By John Groth, for "The Boat."

". . . desperate, sometimes wise, more often foolish attempts to live."

Inland Sea Pirates

***"Journey by Junk," by Willard Price** (John Day. 317 pp. $4.50), is a report on the journey the author and his wife took in a sailing boat through Japan's Inland Sea, together with some account of the Nipponese Empire since World War II. Below it is reviewed by Robert Payne, author of a number of volumes on the Far East.*

By Robert Payne

WILLARD PRICE and his wife had long wanted to take a sailing boat through Japan's Inland Sea. Like the Mediterranean, the Inland Sea is treacherous, beautiful, studded with sacred islands, and on its shores are the most ancient and historic cities of Japan. Few people had traveled the length and breadth of this sea. There were still hundreds of mines floating in it. The officers of SCAP forbade the enterprise because of the mines. The Japanese were disturbed because there were still pirates in the narrow bays. There were typhoons, maelstroms, sea-serpents, and devilish water-maidens who came out of the foam and seized you and dragged you down in the depths, but all this only served to whet the appetite of the Willard Prices.

They allowed it to be known that they would like to rent a sailing-boat through an article in the *Osaka Shimbun*. Many boats were offered. In the end they decided to rent a low, swift, piratical seven-tonner, with two immense bat-like sails and a twelve horse-power auxiliary engine. Significantly, they found the boat at Kanonji, a port famous as the former hideout of Indonesian buccaneers. They hired the owner of the boat as captain and his two uncles as deck hands, bought a Shinto shrine to place at the foot of the mast, renamed the boat *Kompira* after the god of the sea, and started out.

They did not know that before the journey was over they would be boarded by pirates, nearly sucked into a maelstrom, pummeled by a typhoon within three or four inches of their lives, and they did not know they would smash the thirty-foot mast against the crossbeam of the sacred torii at Miyajima. But on the whole the journey was satisfyingly calm, and in a few weeks they probably saw more of Japan's Inland Sea than any Westerners before or since.

Willard Price knew Japan well from previous visits, and spoke the language. Half the book is concerned

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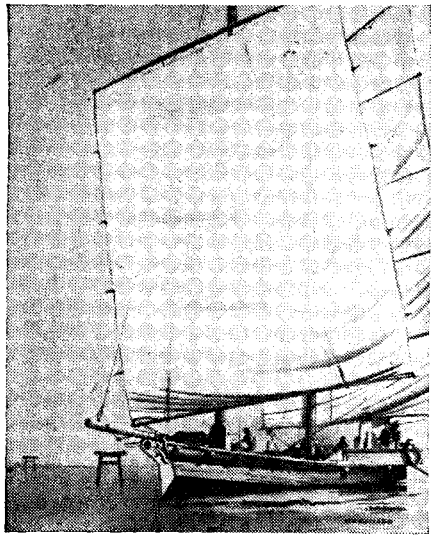

—*Jacket for "Journey by Junk."*

". . . tasting of bitter medicine."

with the journey. Interspersed with his account of storms and quiet harbors and visits to shrines are chapters on the changing ways of the Japanese.

He has a good deal to say and describe about MacArthur's influence. In the long catalogue of prideful pronouncements with which MacArthur has disfigured his career, Willard Price finds none so sinister as the statement: "A spiritual revolution ensued almost overnight, tore asunder a theory and practice of life built upon two thousand years of history and tradition and legend." According to Price, there is simply no evidence for the statement: there has been no spiritual revolution, nothing has been torn asunder, and the vast traditions and legends remain to haunt the Japanese with grandiose plans for empire. The *Zaibatsu* remain. The Emperor, who once signed a MacArthur rescript reducing him from a god to a mere mortal, is still known as *Tenno,* the King of Heaven. On the whole Willard Price is not impressed with the Occupation, which has left a legacy of bitterness that cannot apparently be healed. "The inbred docility of the Japanese," he says, "made them like rubber in the hands of the Occupation." But rubber bounces back.

Is there any hope? Willard Price is not sure. He sees Japan faced with a terrifying future: either she must sell or fight. The population, partly as a result of the admirable work performed by American doctors during the Occupation, is increasing at a staggering rate. Abortion is legalized, but most of the contraceptives seem to be defective. Though a few women have entered Parliament, women have so far gained little political experience and are not keen on entering political life. And below the crust the Japanese Communists are seething: they are being listened to, and they are almost ready for the rebellion which will, they hope, link the fate of Japan with that of Communist China.

A strange book: delightful when he is discussing the wanderings of the bat-sailed *Kompira,* but tasting of bitter medicine when he contemplates the inexorable future.

Notes

FIRST MAN AROUND THE WORLD: The glory of Columbus and Magellan sometimes makes us think of their voyages as individual exploits in which the bold explorers found new continents while the rest of Europe lay huddled in fearful ignorance, mumbling about sea monsters and afraid of falling off the edge of the world. Charles McKew Parr's absorbing new biography of Ferdinand Magellan, **"So Noble a Captain"** (Crowell, $6), provides a fascinating corrective for this impression. In recreating Magellan's young manhood and his expedition around the world Mr. Parr shows in massive detail how the colonial power of Portugal was cultivated by scientific study of geography, oceanography, and navigation, as well as by the daring of her captains. Tough military and commercial competition with Arab, Egyptian, and Indian traders built for Portugal a professional colonial service that blanketed the coasts of Africa and India and produced a corps of veteran navigators. Thus did Ferdinand Magellan receive the training which, because of the ingratitude of the Portuguese King Manuel, he placed at the command of Charles V of Spain.

In fact, Mr. Parr gives us a microcosm of the Renaissance in his masterly reconstruction of the background, preparation, and execution of Magellan's circumnavigation. The ambiguous role of the vast Fugger banking interests, the incredible corruption of the Spanish bureaucracy, and the persistent mutinies of his hostile Spanish subordinates all provide superb counterpoint to the subtle and resolute conduct of Magellan, who is revealed as a religious zealot and a Machiavellian. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

Willard Price—"is there any hope?"

CLOSE TO THE SEA: To the certain delight of those who daydream about the excitement of sailing and the coziness of living on a small boat, Carleton Mitchell in his **"Passage East"** (Norton, $5) has produced a narrative of the transatlantic racing voyage of the fifty-seven-foot yawl *Caribbee* in the summer of 1952. An erudite, articulate, humorous yachtsman, Mr. Mitchell succeeds beautifully in capturing the emotional and intellectual stimulation that such a trip has for the devoted sailor. There were no hurricanes on that race, no men overboard, and no mysterious derelicts, but there were days of maddening calm, days of perfect sailing weather, and the eternal mystery of the sea at close range. As Thor Heyerdahl pointed out in "Kon-Tiki," you don't really know what is going on in the ocean until you are as close to it as the deck of a small boat will bring you. The close proximity of the rail of the *Caribbee* to marine life, the uncertainties of wind and current, and the performance of the boat under various sea conditions all give the author pretexts for his pleasant digressions on the lore of sailing, oceanography, and exploration.

But the most delightful parts of "Passage East" are those which evoke the wonderful life of the small-boat sailor on an extended cruise. The reader is permitted to live vicariously with the nine crew members not only by means of the detailed log the author gives us, but because of thirty superb photographs covering every phase of the voyage, from Bermuda to Plymouth. —T. E. C.

Night-Song

By Witter Bynner

YOU ask me not to love you,
So easily you say
That I shall see no stars by night
And see no sun by day.

If ever you bereave me,
Your easy sayings done
And only silence in their stead,
Then I shall see no sun.

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Okinawa—O.K.

IF YOU would like to know if **"The Teahouse of the August Moon"** is a smash hit it is. If you would like to know if you can safely recommend it to all your friends you can. If you want to know if it is a superlative play it is not. But don't let that worry you.

For John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel is an unpretentiously contrived comedy about the occupation of Okinawa. The Okinawans have learned how to make the best of being conquered in turn by the Chinese. the British, the Japanese, and now by the Americans. They can even joke about their unpleasant history by remarking that they do not have to go abroad for culture. They just sit at home and wait for invasions. Thus theirs is the triumph of wisdom and gracious acceptance.

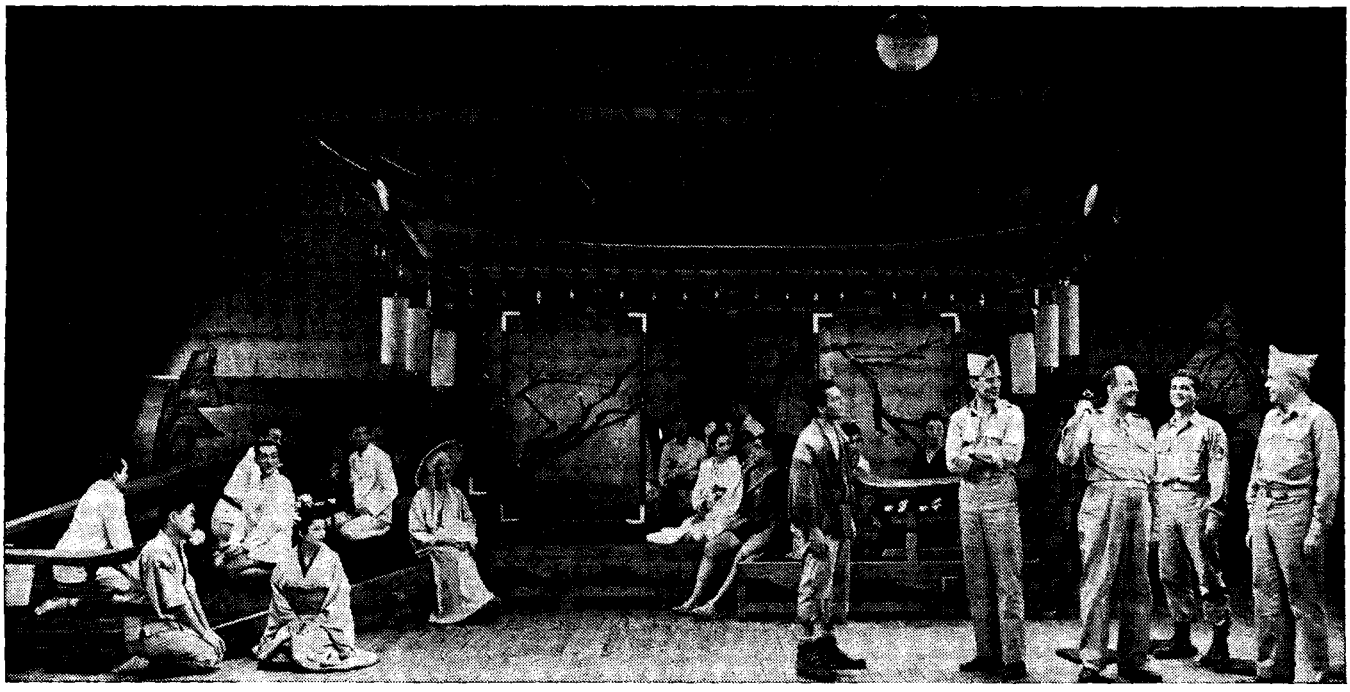
Americans, on the other hand, have a more pleasant history, and ours is the triumph of get-up-and-go and of breaking the forms. As that famous American philosopher Samuel Goldwyn once proudly remarked, "I do not accept the best."

Whatever the serious implications of such differences in philosophy may be, the fun of the evening—and uproarious great fun it is—turns out to be the sight of the powerful and bullheaded occupation force being constantly outwitted by seemingly primitive Okinawans. Every time a high principle is cited the author shows it up with a practical demonstration of human frailty. The protagonists are three: the overdecorous, Babbittlike colonel who hides an adventure magazine under his wastebasket; the idealistic young captain who explains democracy to the people of Tobiki by saying that he—a lowly captain—can, should he have a grievance, "sit down and write a letter to the President of the United States," only to have his example exploded by the query, "Yes, but do you mail the letter?"; and finally the Saroyanesque Army medical officer who throws away his own strictly regulated sanity in order to indulge in a long-frustrated hobby of agriculture. "We're going to need plenty of manure!" he tells the astonished colonel who is expecting a formal psychiatric report on the young captain. Paul Ford, John Forsythe, and Larry Gates are perfectly cast in these three roles.

Combined with this pattern of balloon-puncturing is the beauty, charm, and picturesqueness of the Orient. In the beginning it is the beguiling delivery of David Wayne that sets the right tone for the acceptance of the thin trail of fun that is to follow. He plays the role of a native interpreter in a manner similar to that used here a year ago by that delightful introducer of the Javanese dancers. Then as the play moves along we have a wonderful demonstration of what Evan Esar calls "the cumulative joke," in which the captain is step by step inveigled into transporting a staggering number of people, animals, and baggage in an Army jeep. A bit later, when we are beginning to tire of the prevalent pattern of amusement, the playwright introduces a lovely geisha girl, played with appropriate delicacy by Mariko Niki. She and involvements stemming from the fact that the natives of Tobiki can distil a "Seven-Star Batata" brandy from sweet potatoes in only seven days get us as far as the third act in fine shape.

At that point a talented young scene designer by the name of Peter Larkin steps in with a magical teahouse and an August moon (August moons are a little older and a little wiser than those of other months). At this point the play might well end in a friendly and enchanting tea party. However, the author is determined not to let his audience off without a heaping teaspoonful of homiletic extract. We must suffer a sequence in which such subjects as racial prejudice and the validity of the doctrine of imposing our ideas on the rest of the world are discussed in a pastiche of "Poor Butterfly" and "Happy Talk." There is nothing wrong with the sentiments expressed, but the scene is a heterogeneous patch on an otherwise bright-colored tapestry.

On the whole, however, director



Cast and set of "The Teahouse of the August Moon"—"even the goat seems to have been feeding on volumes of Stanislavsky."

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Robert Lewis has done a remarkable job of keeping "The Teahouse of the August Moon" suspended between the plane of reality and the plane of pure fancy. Particularly striking is the delightfully worked out scene in which the geisha girl tries to undress the captain while he is having an official telephone conversation with the colonel. Mr. Lewis also has a way with less-experienced performers, and even the goat seems to have been feeding on a couple of old volumes of Stanislavsky.

The net result is therefore happy though not overpowering. Seven Star Batata may not compare with Three Star Hennessy, but it has just as much kick.

ROSEMARY CASEY, whose previous Broadway play, "The Velvet Glove", won the Christopher Award a few years back, has devised a fascinating skeleton for a Molière comedy and trimmed it with cute banalities, to the point where it can just barely stand up. Titled **"Late Love,"** in order to keep secret the actual plot of the play (almost everything in "Late Love" is for the purpose of keeping secrets from the audience), the story concerns a hypocritical author who insists on an intolerably ordered existence in what is described as "a better-decorated 'Wuthering Heights'." But he also insists that his aged mother take the unpopularity that might otherwise accrue to him for his priggishness, by pretending that she is responsible for the snobbery and the hospital regimen.

Since snobbery and overfastidiousness are excellent high-comic targets, there are moments when Miss Casey seems to be a gifted writer. When one character remarks, "I like nothing better than making use of my friends. It gives me a feeling of thrift," this is at least good Lonsdale. At another point a domestic intimates that a house guest is to be considered a twentieth-century Marco Polo because "She's seen *everything*. Why she's even seen 'South Pacific' three times!" Here Miss Casey is pricking the bubble of fashion as nicely as might a restoration playwright. And when someone replies to "The moment I met him, I felt like I'd known him for a long time," with "I don't wonder. He begins in the middle," the author is saying beautifully that the character under discussion is pushy.

But elegance and wit are not surefire Broadway commodities these days, and Miss Casey has written most of her play as a not very subtle audience-pleaser. While the judicious may grieve, it must be admitted that "Late

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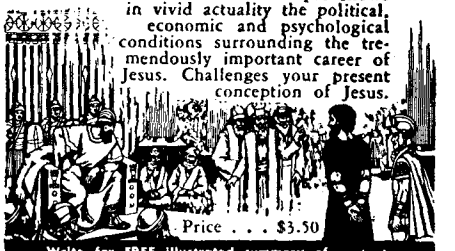
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Love does seem to please the audience. Furthermore, it does so despite some woeful mistakes.

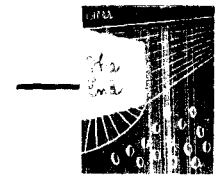
Lucile Watson, a grand actress whose cast-iron posture makes nonsense the announcement that she is retiring at the early age of seventy-four, is certainly miscast in this her swan song. As long as the audience believes her to be a domineering matriarch Miss Watson is fine. She can, for instance, coo a sentence like "You're *more* than kind." with more menace than a poised buzzard. But in the latter portion of the play who can believe that a woman of such strength could have been intimidated into a life of ignominious shamming? The casting-to-type of Neil Hamilton as the stuffed-shirt son precludes any capitalizing on the comic possibilities of that role. And Frank Albertson merely continues a lifetime career of obnoxiously cute performances in the part of a middle-aged bachelor who falls in love with the captivating visitor who has seen "South Pacific" three times.

As the celebrated house-guest Arlene Francis is an interesting choice. Using the same techniques that have secured her ingress to almost every home that has a TV set, she captures the entire household of this play more by the poise with which she takes over than by any devastating charm. Cliff Robertson and Elizabeth Montgomery (daughter of Robert) do reasonably well through several scenes that require an unreasonable amount of kissing. Without going as far as GBS on this matter, I must admit that repeated scenes of heavy osculation usually lead my thoughts to such unromantic subjects as smudged lipstick and halitosis, and "Late Love's" kissfests are no exception.

Miss Casey will undoubtedly be returning with a third play one of these years. Whether it will be high comedy or sentimental farce I do not know. But she and her producers would do well to make up their minds. For her "Late Love" is bigamous, and seems at this writing to be on the verge of becoming late in the more euphemistic sense of that word.

FOR those theatre scholars interested in the ninety-odd lost plays of Sophocles, Lionel Abel has reconstructed from a fragment a short play entitled **"The Death of Odysseus."** The Tibor De Nagy Galleries will present it next week along with Garcia Lorca's **"The Love of Don Perlimpin and Belissa in the Garden."** The latter will have original music by Billy Strayhorn, composer of "Take the A Train" and "Chelsea Bridge."

—HENRY HEWES.



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Refrain, Audacious Critic!

Robert Morley (rear) and Maurice Evans—"were much better off together."

THE first musical film biography I've seen that has wit, brightness, charming musical set pieces, and that yet manages to stay reasonably close to the facts of its subjects' lives is a new movie from Britain called **"Gilbert and Sullivan."** I have not the faintest doubt that it is the best musical film ever made, that it contains the best acting ever to be seen in this kind of movie, that never has an evocation of a period been more elegantly captured, and—even though it is a year notable for Technicolor accomplishments—that it has the pleasantest color photography yet produced. Understand, I am not singing its praises, I am simply stating what seem to me to be facts about the movie. Without delay, then, I will mention the people primarily responsible for this brilliant film event: Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliatt, an eminent British producing-directing team; Leslie Baily, co-author of the screenplay and author of "The Gilbert and Sullivan Book," a text of great distinction which provided most of the material for the movie; Sir Malcolm Sargent, director of the musical sequences; Martyn Green, who plays the part of George Grossmith, an early Savoyard, and who gives us generous glimpses of his many roles in the D'Oyly Carte productions of the operas; Robert Morley, who is a delight as the acidulous W. S. Gilbert; and Maurice Evans,

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who is equally satisfying as Sir Arthur Sullivan.

It is not only the dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast for Savoy opera who will emerge from the theatre with his heat set whirling by this confection of graceful comedy, lively melody, and charming color and set decorations. The movie may safely be recommended for Aunt Sarah, who on many occasions has stated that she simply can't stand that dum-te-dum music, and for Uncle Henry, who complains that he's never been able to make out a word those fellows were singing. The diction is clear and precise, the music kaleidoscopically varied. Those products of the greatest collaboration in entertainment history—"Trial by Jury," "Iolanthe," "The Gondoliers," "The Mikado," "Ruddigore"—are obviously as imperishable as the crown jewels of England, and perhaps the nicest thing that can be said about the movie is that it enshrines Gilbert and Sullivan with just the sort of spirit they might have wished for a memorial to them.

The story begins with Sullivan's courtship of Rachel Scott Russell, daughter of the engineer who worked with Brunel on the design and building of the *Great Eastern* (subject of a recent *New Yorker* series). Scott Russell saw little future for his daughter as the wife of a composer to whom a thousand pounds a year was, at that moment in his career, a great sum of money. The romance ended just as Sullivan's collaboration with Gilbert began, and the movie, thereafter, impudently dispenses with boy-meets-girl stuff and gets on with the important points in the G. and S. story.

These are the writing of "Trial by Jury," first in their series of successes, their partnership with D'Oyly Carte, the building and opening of the Savoy Theatre, the subsequent discontents of each of the partners—Gilbert's fretting over expenses of production and Sullivan's earnest desire to write "serious" and uplifting music—the breakup over the cost of a new carpet for the theatre, the knighting of Sullivan, and finally the knighting of Gilbert. Interspersed between the portrayals of each of these events are marvelously well-chosen excerpts from seven of the operas. If, at the end, the movie slows its pace, it is because the events undoubtedly grow sadder. Stiff as their relationship was, Gilbert and Sullivan were much better off together than alone.

Hein Heckroth was the production designer and his contributions include some lavish set designs that are a miracle of taste and quality. Some are done in the fanciful "yellery-greenery" of the period, others are sumptuous recreations of the style in which the partners lived. All are revealed in colors that dazzle; Joan Bridge, the Technicolor consultant, deserves the credit here. And should you need any more urging to see "Gilbert and Sullivan" I'd better mention that the cast includes two fine actors, Peter Finch and Eileen Herlie, as Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, as well as an impeccable group that performs the musical selections. Never was there such a bargain as the price of a ticket to this "Gilbert and Sullivan" movie.

THE report must be glum on the remainder of the week's offerings. Joan Crawford offers testimony to her ability to kick a leg and sing a tune in **"Torch Song,"** a bleak and spiritless musical about a musical-comedy star and a blind pianist who discover they need each other. Jane Wyman struggles valiantly, but to no avail, with the role of a self-sacrificing mother in Edna Ferber's **"So Big."** Robert Wise's lugubrious direction is perhaps the result of a too-careful study of the silent version that starred Colleen Moore. And then there is Dore Schary's **"Take the High Ground,"** a hymn to the basic training given by the U.S. Army to its draftees. Richard Widmark is the tough platoon sergeant, and Elaine Stewart is the girl some soldier left behind. She goes to pieces, but Widmark's deep love for his job eventually saves both of them. Basic training always was a grind, and, unfortunately, so is the movie.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

Gilbert and Sullivan: Reviewed in this issue.

Decameron Nights: Boccaccio has provided the medieval background of three romps for Louis Jourdan and Joan Fontaine. (*SR* Oct. 17.)

The Actress: Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, and Teresa Wright join to act out Ruth Gordon's reminiscences of her youth in a New England village. (*SR* Oct. 3)

Captain's Paradise: Alec Guinness plays a singularly contented sea captain with a split personality and two very disparate wives. (*SR* Sept. 26)

Roman Holiday: Audrey Hepburn cavorts through the Eternal City with style and winsome insouciance. (*SR* Sept. 5)

The Cruel Sea: A very smooth, very tight, very moving British staging of the Monsarrat novel about a sub-chaser and its war. (*SR* Aug. 22)

The Beggar's Opera: The eighteenth-century opera by John Gay about London lowlife is the scene of cavortings and vocals by Sir Laurence Olivier. (*SR* Aug. 15)

From Here to Eternity: This enormous epic of the Regular Army sprawls across the screen, carrying with it Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (*SR* Aug. 8)

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TV AND RADIO

The Color Spectrum—Past, Present, and Future

COLOR television—let's see now, where were we? Oh, yes. October 1951, two years ago. Washington had asked the Columbia Broadcasting System to suspend its color-set manufacturing plans; CBS complied and also stopped its color broadcasts. That for the time being was the end of the big RCA-CBS color fight. CBS had won a temporary victory. The Federal Communications Commission had adopted Columbia's "non-compatible" color standards, RCA appealed the FCC's decision, and the United States Supreme Court had upheld a Government agency's purely technical ruling. Virtually everybody else in the industry, however, took a dim view of the victor's "mechanical color wheel" and a favorable attitude toward the loser's "compatible all-electronic system." As a matter of fact, many people thought that the Federal Government's request to CBS to suspend its color TV plans in order to help conserve scarce war materials was designed, coincidentally, to give the entire industry a chance to get together, iron things out, and present a reasonably united front on color television to the public.

October 1953. CBS unveils its "improved" system and demonstrates its new "Colortron" tube at a special showing for the press at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. RCA-NBC a month earlier in Chicago had demonstrated its own further developed apparatus. The FCC when this appears in print may have officially adopted a new set of signal standards which enjoy the combined approval of the two major rivals and the rest of the manufacturers and broadcasters. Color television is on the move again. Pilot color receivers will be available in nine months to a year; some daytime and "big" nighttime color programs are due in 1954; Fifty-five NBC stations and twenty-two CBS stations have ordered color apparatus. This is where we came in. What happened?

First of all, Columbia lost the compatability campaign; the 1950 FCC decision in its favor was just a preliminary battle. The new standards that will probably be adopted make it possible for you to see color programs on your present black-and-white set without buying a "converter." Nobody is talking converters anymore. Under the old CBS standards your black-and-white set was totally "blind" to color. Even if you wished to see a color show in black-and-white you had to get that converter. Seeing it in color meant, of course, buying a new color set. All that is out. The first pilot color receivers will cost around $1,000. If you prefer to wait until, say, late 1955 or 1956 mass production will have brought prices down to about 35 to 40 per cent above what you now pay for a black-and-white receiver; in the interim you will still be able to see whatever color shows are broadcast in black-and-white on your present set.

The RCA-CBS color competition, however, has not ended: it has merely shifted from rival standards to rival systems of apparatus. Under the new standards RCA keeps its "all-electronic" color apparatus. Columbia has thrown away its color wheel at the receiving end, but still keeps it in the cameras. In order to make its old field-sequential camera system fit the new standards it has introduced an "encoder" in the studio control room which makes the signals come out right at the transmitter. RCA experts confidently predict that eventually CBS will get rid of the color wheel at the studio end too, and go "electronic" all the way.

I had an opportunity recently to compare the current color quality of the two competing systems, and it was my impression (everybody is an expert in color taste) that RCA image is sharply superior. CBS asserts that any imperfections in its images will ultimately be eliminated. Not only are the present Columbia colors paler than its rival's, but they don't seem to hold focus as well; they run in the middle and fringe at the ends. A color screen, of course, "passes more information"—which makes it more interesting than black-and-white. It was so when I watched a full-scale production number in the CBS demonstration show, comparing the color and monochrome screens side by side. But when the CBS camera closed in on the head and bare shoulders of an attractive torch-singer the black-and-white image was far more personable. "Color," I concluded, "may be fine for the passing broad intelligence, but it's dangerous for close-ups." Then I saw an NBC demonstration, and I found an RCA young lady considerably more pleasing in a color close-up than in monochrome.

THE RCA people claim that movie and publishing technicians have witnessed their demonstrations and pronounced electronic color superior to color film and printed color reproductions. The present CBS images, and the RCA images of two years ago, gave very much the appearance of cheaply printed picture postcards. The current RCA images are surprisingly warm and pleasant. The blues are particularly good, but I kept missing real reds.

The new CBS "Chromacoder" camera has but one tube; therefore it is more compact and cheaper than the RCA three-gun eye. RCA has already tested a one-tube camera, which is being refined in the laboratory and will eventually replace the three-tube camera. Concerning the price differential, which is a big CBS argument, RCA says simply that substance in quality merits substance in cost. The CBS-Hytron receiving tube is marked considerably lower than the RCA tube; yet the pilot set prices announced by both companies are equal. One wonders why the Columbia advantage is not reflected in a lower total cost to the consumer.

If you don't like the content of some future color show you may find divertissement in playing with the color control on your receiver. If you turn it all the way to the right you get gaudy colors; if you turn it all the way to the left you get no color. Most network programs may be in color. Your local shows are another matter; color camera chains are very expensive. Thus, on your color TV set of the future, program after program, there will be color, and black-and-white, color and black-and-white, etc. You won't have to touch it.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Children of Sun

By Mae Winkler Goodman

I WHO flowered in the South,
who only knew a cotton snow,
now taste the wind across my mouth;
marrow numbs at ten below.

Never never shall my blood
accept this bitter, glacial cold;
only warmth can loose the flood,
or liberate me from this hold.

Emancipate me with the heat;
let me run as rivers run.
Only warmth and light are sweet
to children cradled by the sun.

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Dimitri and Eugene, Also "Hansel and Gretel"

NEW YORK's orchestral season opened, as usual, with a concert in Carnegie Hall by the Philharmonic - Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, but it began, really, with the first program by the Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting—the following week. Details of the two programs aside, the audience which attended the concert of the Philadelphia ensemble heard music of Bach, Brahms, Hindemith, and Debussy played for all it was worth: the Philharmonic subscribers heard Stamitz, Schumann, and Berlioz at a discount.

I have no mind for abusing a man obviously swimming upstream, so the comments on Mitropoulos will be brief. The prognosis, upon his appointment early in 1950, was that he was a man with a valuable instinct for the sub-standard repertory—the oddities, enormities, and vagaries of the symphonic literature—who should be given ample opportunity to show whether there was, in him, a Koussevitzky-like growth for other, more exacting things.

Whether three seasons more or less (he was ill a good part of last winter) constitutes "ample opportunity" is open to argument; but the probability is that we shall never know about his capacity for growth. The pressure of the job (especially as Mitropoulos works from memory) makes survival, rather than development, the key consideration. This is bad for the conductor, and not good for the orchestra he conducts. Adding economic insecurity to artistic insecurity can only result in the kind of tension and lack of repose so contagious in the conductor as to infect the stolid group with which he works.

On the whole the most ingratiating performance of the first two weeks was his direction of Gottfried von Einem's "Capriccio." This is numbered Opus 2 in the composer's output, and dates from 1943. Even more than the ambitious opera based on Kafka's "The Trial" which was heard in Salzburg last summer, it shows the functioning of an alert, spontaneous musical mind, not animated yet by powerfully original thoughts but making music with enthusiasm and an unpretentious eagerness. Mitropoulos communicated this to the players, and through them to the audience, to the benefit of the composer, who was present to receive its approval. On the other hand, Mitropoulos's direction of Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony was abrupt and disjointed, with outward physical force replacing confident inner power, and a nervous, unsuitably frenetic animation invading Mendelssohn's thoroughly collected concept. The soloist was Yehudi Menuhin, who played the twenty-second Viotti Concerto (as arranged by Kreisler) rather roughly and without grace. The second Bartók "Rhapsody" went better.

BY comparison the other alumnus of Minneapolis U. (class of 1935; Mitropoulos was class of '47) has evolved steadily on a rocklike foundation of technical ability the organic elements of musical perception within him. Ormandy's first challenge was to prove his mastery of the powerful instrument that Leopold Stokowski created. Having survived that phase, he had to prove that he was not only master of his fate, but also captain of his soul . . . and it is clear now that the Philadelphia is his orchestra, playing as he wills. On its first visit it made listening a joy whether one agreed with the kind of transcription Ormandy has made of the Bach C minor Passacaglia, or valued his statement of the Brahms No. 4 as high as some others, or found all the imagery one expects in Debussy's "La Mer." Taste in interpretation is always a matter of dispute; but it is rare that one can demur on such a [illegible] accomplishment. To make Hindemith's "Concert Music" for strings and brass (*Opus 50*) as sonorous an experience as Ormandy did is to make something noble of the means, whatever the end. Orchestrally speaking Ormandy fights the good fight, finishes the course, keeps the faith.

A block away in the City Center, but some miles removed in artistic community, the New York City Opera presented Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" in English as its first novelty of the fall season. I join in the general enthusiasm for the aptitude shown by the youthful Thomas Schippers as conductor of this venture, considering that he is known to us almost exclusively as conductor of works by Menotti ("The Consul" and "Amahl") in which, one assumes, he was closely indoctrinated by the composer. Unfortunately, Humperdinck was not available for the same supervision, with the result that the energy was sometimes propulsive, the zest tending to be breezy. I enjoy this deviation from pedantry as much as anyone, but I would like to regard it as only a trial flight for Schippers rather than an indication that he has checked out as a qualified pilot of such weighty equipment.

Vocally the pairing of Frances Bible (Hansel) and Laurel Hurley (Gretel) provided work on a workshop level rather than the higher professional one presumed to apply in these surroundings. Claramae Turner's solid competence as the Witch demonstrated vividly how much the Met standard surpasses the City Center one. Richard Wentworth (Peter) and Willabella Underwood (Gertrude) might note, and conform. There is promising fantasy in Rouben Ter-Arutunian's production, but as yet no total integration.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Palestrina Regards the Poplars

By David Morton

THE strict, harmonious verticals define
A horizontal pageant, and the ear
Imagines the transverse, melodic line.

Each polyphonic unit, tier on tier,
Complete and integral, goes toward the sun
And back from sun, and what there is to hear,

Ascending and descending in the one,
Spreads intimate contagions east and west,
Whereby a second music is begun,

And all the air is motion finding rest
In grave agreements where all sound is one.

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Maximiliana

Continued from page 21

it typewritten and bound in brown papers and dispatched to the various managers, whilst for the most part the few people who might really help to improve our drama hold themselves aloof from it as surely as respectable Americans hold themselves aloof from politics."

It is the twinkle in such writing, the fundamental inconsequence, that makes it such an unending joy. All Maximilians—and most people of taste are Maximilians whether they belong to that eclectic club or not—will gladly add this big volume to the row of more slender volumes containing the essays, tales, parodies, and caricatures. But even as they do so the thought may strike them—as it has always struck me, and strikes me now particularly—that dramatic criticism is the one craft at which our witty archangel was obliged to labor. He did not—as he tells us in the famous first article, "Why I Ought Not to Have Become a Dramatic Critic"—ever really enjoy the job because he seldom enjoyed watching actors (or mimes, as he calls them).

NO first-rate work is ever done without a passionate enthusiasm for the medium. Max was in a first-rate passion only when limning dandies and celebrities (factitious or actual) and Zuleika and her patrician swains and the like. In the business of direct criticism, more especially that of the theatre, he rather too often gives the impression of being at a loss in the matter of having something to say—though as always he contrives to say it beautifully. The leash is irksome and he often strains at it. He may even succeed for whole pages on end in sounding labored, the reason being, of course, that the labor was not one of love. He is sometimes redundant, he is sometimes even as tautological as a New Yorker.

This, then, is my conclusion about "Around Theatres"—a conclusion at which I have been slowly but gradually arriving for several years. (A witty disciple of Max, the late Philip Guedalla, once observed that people who jump at conclusions rarely alight on them.) Max's dramatic criticism is the second-class work of a first-class master of literature. He comes somewhere between the first and second of my categories because he really has nothing tremendously valuable to say about Shakespeare and Shaw and the rest of them. He is rather like his own order of actress who comports herself beautifully without giving the impression of real life. He flashes and sparkles and twinkles in his intensely urbane and always charming way. But he is hardly ever inspired by either his enthusiasm or destination. Here, and only in his writings, he gives the impression of work as distinct from play. This is, in conclusion, second-class Max Beerbohm. But how vastly more enjoyable it all is, how immeasurably fuller of mind and spirit and fun, than first-class Smith or Jones or Tomkins!

Chrysallis

By Hannah Kahn

NOW in the winter of time
Hoarding the nuggets of what
The flesh remembers . . . the mind
In staccato flashes recalls . . .

Bird in the meadow, be still.
Impervious cloud of blue
Know that someday I too
Shall sleep undisturbed and alone;
I, like a cloud, unpossessed
Emerging at dawn without scar
As though I never had touched
The pointed prongs of a star.

A BORZOI BOOK

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of one of the truly great writers
of the twentieth century

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

by ANTONY ALPERS

ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *New York Times:* "An excellent biography, smoothly written and psychologically interesting. Much of its material is, of course, already familiar. But much is not, and the new and old are woven together expertly."

W. G. ROGERS, *Associated Press:* "This is about a wonderfully rich and full life, a 34 years as packed with ecstasy, and pain, too, as if it had been 134 years. She was all passion and perception; so is this book."

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Virtuoso of the Harpsichord

"Domenico Scarlatti," by Ralph Kirkpatrick *(Princeton University Press. 473pp. $10), the work of a distinguished performing artist, is at once a biography of the great Italian composer and a study of his music. Paul Henry Lang, who reviews it here, is professor of musicology at Columbia University and author of "Music in Western Civilization."*

By Paul Henry Lang

THE FIRST thing that strikes us in listening to Scarlatti is that this is not intimate music. It was not composed for those who seek in music solace and redemption, nor was it meant to be played in a semi-darkened room to a beloved; Scarlatti's works call for the large and glittering concert hall. Music that speaks to so many people cannot penetrate to the secret recesses of soul and heart; on the other hand, it never leaves one cold, but is always effective and contagiously refreshing.

Scarlatti refuses to be classified into any sort of system or school. His capriciousness, daring, and originality are well-nigh unparalleled. Like Corelli, he will start a fugal movement, but after a few measures the piece becomes a veritable free-for-all, the music assuring us that the serious beginning was only a joke; what follows is entirely unpredictable and observes neither rules nor customs. Just the same, Scarlatti was a Baroque artist to the core, and that great era endowed him with three characteristic qualities: the representative tone that addresses itself to the many, a pervading sense for melody, and a tendency to build larger structures from small units. Yet the three elements would not have rendered Scarlatti's style what it is had he not been an Italian. For nowhere else was melody—singing—as much the focal point of music-making as in Italy, and the man who first raised this sensuous irresistible vocal melody to world dominance was his own father, Alessandro.

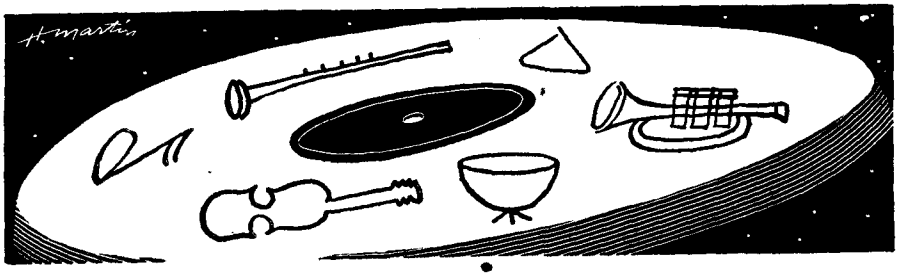
Domenico Scarlatti himself was an opera man until nearly forty, and the virtuosity that is such an essential part of his style is Italian too, and again comes from the lyric stage. But the manner in which all this was converted into a crystalline instrumental style is utterly original with him. Scarlatti was virtually the founder of virtuoso keyboard style, a "piano" style par excellence. This may sound like an anachronism, yet only Chopin and Liszt can be mentioned in the same breath with this wizard of the keyboard. We may go even further and state that there is scarcely one aspect of modern piano technique the roots of which cannot be found in Scarlatti's music, and this in spite of the fact that his instrument was the harpsichord.

The foregoing may perhaps lead the reader to think that Scarlatti, although a brilliant keyboard composer and a man of genius, was frivolous and given to superficiality. Far from it. The brilliance and caprice hide a profound irony. The erstwhile church music and opera composer became the king's harpsichordist, a virtuoso—and a courtier. One often feels that he is being diplomatic, does not give himself entirely, and conceals with care the remnants of his thoughts. Yet he always leaves the door open. It seems to me that only those will really understand and like him who espy this irony.

AND now this fascinating composer has found a worthy biographer. Ralph Kirkpatrick's volume, "Domenico Scarlatti," deserves all the encomiums that are in order when a major work appears that fills a long-felt need: it is a "must" and "cannot be omitted from the shelves of the true music lover." As a matter of fact, the standard epithets aren't sufficient in this case, because Kirkpatrick's "Scarlatti" not only enriches our knowledge of the life and works of a great and engaging composer, but, beyond that, it furnishes another one of those massive girders that will support the *new* edifice of the musical Baroque hitherto held by Bach and Handel alone. The author is one of our very distinguished performing artists who has at his command a large repertory. At the same time (or shall we say in spite of this?) he has made a thoroughgoing study of this repertory; the present book alone is the result of a dozen years of constant labor. And this study does not represent second-hand information gleaned by reading a few books on the subject, the procedure followed by most of our "music books": the author has run down every shred of documentary material relating to his subject, checking, analyzing, collating, and interpreting with the aid of a scholarly method.

Though it is contrary to popular belief, Mr. Kirkpatrick shows that executant artist and musicologist can live in a personal union, and the results of the combination are most gratifying. Indeed, aside from the excellent biography (a whole book in itself), and the many detailed chapters treating of every aspect of Scarlatti's music, the closing one entitled "The Performance of the Scarlatti Sonatas" reflects the unique experiences of an artist who has lived intimately with this music for a long time. If this reviewer missed anything in this rich book it was perhaps what he considers insufficient emphasis on the operatic elements in Scarlatti's style. The author is by no means unaware of the importance of these, but it seems to me that "idiom," the very "language" of music, looms as much more important than the elusive notion we call "form" in music. However, that's one man's pet idea, and is not advanced as calling into question the exceptional value of the work at hand here.

I must not neglect to note the many invaluable tables, catalogues, lists, and indexes in "Scarlatti" which make this eminently readable book just as valuable as a reference volume. Those who have tried to find their way in the labyrinth of careless and arbitrary editions of Scarlatti's works will know what I mean. The Princeton University Press overwhelmed us a few years ago with its marvelous edition of Einstein's great work on the Italian madrigal. "Scarlatti" is another important landmark in American musicology and the Press has seen to it that the exterior of the book shall fit the occasion.



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Music for the Homebody

"Good Listening," by R. D. Darrell *(Alfred A. Knopf. 206 pp. $2.75), discusses music, sketches its history, suggests how to enjoy more of it more, through discs, and cites many specific LP records in corroboration of the preceding contentions.*

By C. G. Burke

THE long-playing phonograph record, its fifth anniversary of spectacular success now immediately behind it, has made so much music available to the reaches of the earth that it has enticed and conquered a vast new audience of listeners unfamiliar with music who do not play instruments, know nothing of how music is constructed, and necessarily have the transient, perplexing values induced by the stunning discovery of an ecstatic new experience.

It is to these new listeners, "the admittedly non-expert—the novice general listeners," that Mr. Darrell's new book, "Good Listening," is addressed. It is thus frankly a work of elementary instruction—although it points hopefully to demanding specialized courses—and is not intended to help phonophiles and music-lovers already alert and instructed. It is as Mother Superior to postulant, master to apprentice, field marshal to recruit, that Mr. Darrell guides his reader nimbly around the obstacles and through the mirages that hinder or confuse the novice seeking enlightenment.

The author's qualifications are imposing: he compiled the "Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music" in its first edition, which was also the first extensive application in America of discriminating scholarship to phonograph records. He has studied and written about various aspects of reproduced music for nearly thirty years, and he has very few peers in a knowledge of the recorded repertory during its many distinct eras.

"Good Listening" contains four major parts: the first a discussion of taste and its control, the second a brief history of music, the third recommendations of music illustrative of nearly all musical forms and periods, and the fourth a combined index and discography which offers a list of records to illumine and corroborate the recommendations of the third.

Of these the first is plainly the most difficult and must be the least conclusive, like any attempt at esthetic discrimination. It is hard to systemize the contrarities of predilection, and Mr. Darrell has both the learning and the tolerance to acknowledge the incompatibility of abstractions drawn from personal experience in the infinite complexity of aggressive art. The result is an entertaining and sympathetic flounder out of which the author's own predilections do emerge pretty clearly and without dogmatism. The value of this to the novice, if he understands that he has not been reading a syllogism, equals the ten years' experience he would need to have himself in order to temper dogmatism with serenity. The author here and there stiffens his tolerance with sterner suggestions: if people work hard enough at "The Musical Offering" they will eventually find meaning in it.

This first section is written in the first and second persons, and is lavish with conversational contractiles ("they're," "it's," "he'd," "I've," etc.) which are irritants to many.

Part II is a remarkably inclusive little history of music in terms of the forms and periods of the men who wrote it, very helpful in directing tastes still incipient. Ninety-six composers listed from our last fifty years' experience may seem to flaunt the calculus of probabilities, but the recording companies have been generous to our contemporaries.

The last two sections complement each other in specific recommendations of music and the records expressing it. Almost every era is covered, and although the LP's listed have not been selected after exhaus-

A BORZOI BOOK

Ballade

(After Charles D'Orleans, 1391-1465)

Go get you gone, begone, begone
Grief and sorrow and cark and care—
No more shall I be woebegone
Her charm shall conquer my despair.
No land, nor place beyond the sea
Can boast a writer quite so rare,
So gracious, so beyond compare!
Go read her! Let your life be gay!
Evoe! Her book is out! Hurray!

JUTLAND COTTAGE

the new novel by

ANGELA THIRKELL

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tive comparison of all competing editions there is a commendably small proportion of lemons among them. (But the barnacle-laden Furtwängler "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" should not have been approved.) In general Mr. Darrell has decently tried to conceal his own biases and offer a complete panorama to his postulants. His deprecation of Beethoven and Brahms can hardly harm readers already submitted to the spell of those masters; and if neophytes postpone their introduction to that music so much the greater the revelation when it comes.

A personal distaste for hackneyed music has persuaded the author into an error that must be indicated; for what is hackneyed to his great experience is not to the novice whom he advises. History has not erred in selecting certain works for ceaseless longevity, although admittedly time has been too crammed to give prominence to everything worth it. Even perfection palls, but Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and later "Ständchen" are not sniffable at until heard a hundred times; and then they should not be if we remember.

However, the novice is going to pursue a bent ordained by his own chemistry. He has a germ or he would not read this book. "Good Listening" is going to show him how to expand his germ into one of the most gratifying and expensive of efflorescences. If the radio has put Boccherini or Weber into his ear so deeply that he cannot shake either out, Mr. Darrell will show him how to succumb completely: where there is more of the same, and who is akin to Boccherini or Weber, and what further directions to travel after savoring the kinship. Love of music is the most expansive of appetites, and the food of music is incredibly abundant, richly on LP's; those on the threshhold of gluttony will find in "Good Listening" how to direct their voracity to the victuals choicest for them.

"... the supernatural game of performance."

A Very Pretty Rat

"Child of the Ballet," by Odette Joyeux *(translated by Arnold L. Haskell. Macmillan. 158 pp. $3), is the memoir of a young girl member of the Paris Opera company. Here it is reviewed by Edwin Denby, author of "Looking at the Dance."*

By Edwin Denby

THE spells of solitary Paris, of children's ballet class, of the Paris Opera House, backstage and onstage—Odette Joyeux's "Child of the Ballet: Memoirs of an Opera 'Rat'" evokes them vividly; for Paris fans and dance fans this little book is absorbing. But it is also a story the general reader can read with pleasure. "One of the rare classics of ballet," Arnold Haskell calls it in his preface; a readable book about ballet is in any case a rare find.

"Child of the Ballet" is the true story of Odette Joyeux, a small girl whose kind mother entered her in the ballet school of the Paris Opera. "In the midst of the city . . . there was an island; on this island there was a fortress, and within the fortress, a city." As a pupil, a "rat," Odette lives in the eerie and terrifying warren of backstage; she takes part, aged ten, in the supernatural game of performance. She "appears" in "Istar," "Sylvia," "Faust," "Lohengrin." Wondrous grownups appear too. In the dressing rooms, other games. In class looking at a foreign child she realizes the beauty of dancing; the child dies. A hounded teacher awakens in her the will to dance; the teacher disappears. Two years pass.

A smart ballet is given at the house of a rich patroness, and the child has a solo. An ovation, happiness. Suddenly the Opera dismisses her. It is a catastrophe. A few friends stand by her, but she realizes she must vindicate herself; for two years she studies with a sweet ballerina she adores. The chance for reinstatement comes, and she discovers that the ballerina is an enemy. She dances once more at the Opera, she has her moment of triumph, but it brings no joy. She is fifteen, no longer a child, and the book ends.

"Child of the Ballet" is autobiographical. Odette Joyeux did not become a dancer, she became a young actress, and is now a film star, with a "perverse" Parisian Alice in Wonderland radiance. The film "La Ronde," in which she has a major part, has been an international success. She has written two plays and this is her second book.

—Illustrations from "Child of the Ballet."

"... the terrifying warren of backstage."

"Child of the Ballet" is told like a contemporary Paris fairy-tale, the kind of graceful and ominous fairy-tale of which Jean Cocteau is the master. In the background monstrous shadows, poignant mystifications, abstract virtues gleaming now and then remote as stars. In the foreground, fantastic fragments of real scenes, flashes of persons. For instance, a majestic Venus in "Tannhäuser" whose shell crashes from above stage back into the basement just before her aria; and who—down there among the dust, the screams of cupids and machinists, with the cataract of the Wagnerian orchestra pouring through the open trapdoor—disheveled, bare-breasted, frantically bellows out her proper notes on cue.

The book is a montage of such fragments. It evokes Paris from a unique aspect, the environment, the career of a dancer. The author speaks lucidly of what classic dancing is about, and of the character that makes a classic dancer. But dancing is not her central interest. People she has seen, their destiny, the fantastic unconscious gestures they really make —these are her subject. Her scale is a small one, a Parisian intimacy of expression. Behind her story lies a feminine sense of the reality of art.

Arnold Haskell, the British ballet authority and director of the Sadler's Wells School, has translated it, and brilliantly illustrated his translation with the realistic etchings of small girls of the Paris ballet by Legrand. And drooly fans of etiquette will enjoy learning from Haskell that the word "tutu" is never used at the Opéra; only "juponages."

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Continued from page 18

book will seem fantastic and almost silly to many United States readers. It is almost disgusting in its adulation of Peron, comparing him with a condor, with Jesus Christ, with Alexander the Great, Napoleon, and most of the world's other great military leaders. It is trivial in its attempts at philosophizing. It is preposterous as an autobiography.

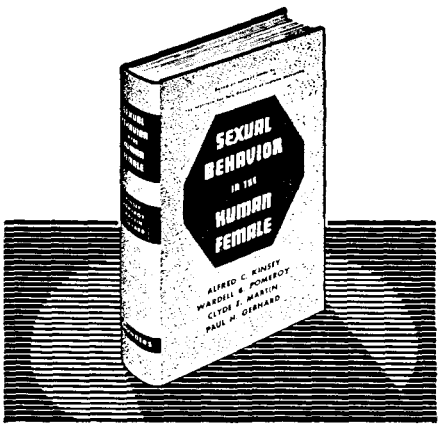
Yet, "La Razon de Mi Vida," as the Argentine version, which came out shortly before Evita died was called, throws light on several aspects of the Peronista phenomenon. First of all, for all of its pretended innocence and false modesty, it shows the underlying motive of hate and revenge which impelled Evita. For all of her attempts to hide it, her searing desire for revenge against the well-born and the prosperous who had snubbed her in her younger days comes through.

In this desire for revenge and upheaval Evita was probably only an exaggerated example of many of those who have followed Peron. There is little doubt that the Peronista movement is revolutionary, that it seeks to dethrone the landed aristocracy which ruled Argentina virtually since independence.

FURTHERMORE, Evita's book reveals the strain of paternalism in the Peronista movement. She pictures herself as the "mother of her people," and there is little doubt that many a worker has looked upon her in much this same light. This is not so much true of the more or less sophisticated "portenos" of Buenos Aires as of the country peon come to town to work in the city's thriving new industries, who misses his previous reliance on the "patron" in all crises of his life.

Evita's book sheds little or no light on her own personal story. She tells nothing of her childhood and adolescence except a rather bathetic story of how she first came to realize there were poor people and rich people in the world. She tells nothing about her artistic career. She sheds no light on when and how she met Peron. She overdraws her own role in the crisis of October 1945 when Peron was overthrown for a week and was brought back through the force of the organized workers.

There is little doubt that this book was written as a propaganda piece for the Peronista regime. The claim of the publishers on the jacket of "My Mission in Life" that it is "her own frank statement regarding the motives which actuated her in becom-



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ing Peron's disciple, wife, and collaborator" is dubious at best.

The translator, Ethel Cherry, has done a good job of capturing the extremely simple language in which the original book was written. The very simplicity of the book is sufficient evidence of its propaganda nature. It should take its place along with "Mein Kampf" as one of the propaganda-autobiographies of our totalitarian age.

Notes

AMERICA GROWS UP: The trouble with our foreign policy in the last fifty years is that it has wavered aimlessly between our moral aspirations and our sense of harsh realities. Such is Robert Osgood's main theme in his scholarly historical study, **"Ideals and Self-Interest in America's Foreign Relations"** (University of Chicago Press, $6.50).

Heretofore Mr. Osgood thinks we have looked on the world rather as we felt it ought to be than as it is. At present, growing up, we are coming to look on it more as it is. This, he tells us, is necessary and good. Yet to act only on our own narrow egoism would both lose us our influence with the rest of the world, and eventually destroy our own moral fiber. So the problem remains how to reconcile, in our own minds, our ideals with our interests. The way, he suggests, is to find a common ground of enlightened self-interest with such other nations as we can. Although, as he says, "America's nerves have never been tested by prolonged international tension," he feels confident of our ability to "mature and yet stay young."

This is a book for the student, the expert, the statesman—but also for all who would like to learn to think about our foreign affairs in a statesmanlike manner. Despite the author's prudent qualifications of almost everything he says, it is not hard to read.

—PAUL SCOTT MOWRER.

GERMANY AFTER THE NAZIS: Allied unity destroyed Germany and allied disunity has brought about the premature recovery of West Germany. Whether the Bonn Republic will remain a dependable partner of the West hinges on its own political future. German democracy is still in its infancy, and Dr. Adenauer's imposing leadership may unwittingly stifle its immediate growth. Even under ideal conditions that growth would be precarious. The actual conditions, as they are depicted in **"Governing Postwar Germany"** (Cornell University Press, $7.75) are far from reassuring.

Edward H. Litchfield, one of General Clay's principal advisers, had edited this symposium of twenty articles on the origins and the political processes of postwar German democracy. The contributors, chosen for their competence and their first-hand experience in governing Germany, describe in admirable detail the formal elements of German politics. The result is without question the most comprehensive survey of present-day German political institutions. It is, perforce, a highly specialized work and essays on Organizations and Methods Control and Budget Management, for example, are included, while consideration of a broader and more analytical nature are omitted. Even a brief discussion of the changed structure of German society, the distribution of economic power, and the control of the press and radio would have helped to define the context of German politics.

—FRITZ STERN.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS LAST YEAR: If you want to check up on what happened last year you can't do better than turn to the lucid and thorough survey **"The United States in World Affairs, 1952,"** by Richard P. Stebbins (Harper, $5). It represents a stupendous piece of research and concise writing, encyclopedic in scope, never dull, and as calm an appraisal as might be imagined so soon after the event. Everything from Bolivian elections to the vexed complications of NATO and the endless discussions at Panmunjom seems somehow to have been fitted into this smoothly flowing analysis of the forces at work in the world. One comes away from it freshly staggered by the burdens American policy has assumed and with a renewed sense of the dangers of despair in the face of such awful problems as stretch their way around the globe. Dealing with matters having for the most part neither beginning nor end in the twelve-month period under review, Mr. Stebbins has done a remarkable job of making them comprehensible. More for the student, perhaps, than for the general reader, the companion volume **"Documents on American Foreign Relations, 1952,"** edited by Clarence W. Baier and Richard P. Stebbins (Harper, $5), offers valuable additional material. Both volumes are cross-indexed for easy reference. The second includes such choice items as Georgi Malenkov's annual report to the Party, some of Stalin's last explosive comments and predictions, campaign speeches by Adlai Stevenson and Dwight Eisenhower, and a great many hard-to-find items on international politics.

—JOHN C. CAIRNS.

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Fiction

Continued from page 20

ways, both at sea and in port. When he leaves for home at the end of the voyage, he is sure he is finished with ships; yet the sea still calls him, and the reader knows he will again ship out, another eternal voyager.

There is no attempt on Mr. Mirvish's part to make his novel either a plotted story with dramatics or a literary work with depths to sound. He has succeeded superbly in writing a realistic narrative of the monotonous days at sea and the brief but riotous nights on shore, where the men seek desperately for pleasures in the bars and brothels. Not for the ladies, this novel will delight men readers and—perhaps—make them a little more satisfied to stay at home.

Notes

YOUNG GIRL GROWING UP: The Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, Gwendolyn Brooks, has written an ingratiating first novel, called **"Maud Martha"** (Harper, $2.50). Its form is no more than a random narration of loosely assembled incidents in the everyday life of a young colored woman. But within its somewhat ramshackle framework, Miss Brooks has created people whose validity is beyond question. Maud Martha, growing up in a Chicago slum, does a great deal more than suffer poverty and resent race discrimination. This multi-faceted representation shows her repelling the jealousy she feels for her pretty sister, wondering about death and worrying about ball gowns. The author illuminates character easily, with the precision and vividness expected of a poet.

—NICOLAS MONJO.

OLD FLAME: Englishman Peter Towry's first novel, **"Richard Said No"** (Morrow, $3), is more for the meringue than the mutton set. It is light, airy, and completely dispensable.

The real trouble with Richard is not that he says no but that he says yes. The fateful yes is spoken during his wife's absence to "a Rolls Royce of a woman" named Daisy, an "unfulfilled ghost of his adolescence" who waylays him in a tenth-rate London cafe ten years later. Daisy is a voluptuous demimondaine who can inspire every emotion in a man except the platonic ones, and Richard, at first delightedly, then distractedly, proves it. The acid demonstration is made when his wife, Silvana, comes home unexpectedly one day to surprise him. She does, in the bedroom.

Mr. Towry takes this classically untidy situation, at once tragic and droll, and manipulates it with that special flashing of farce we expect from an urbane Englishman. The relentlessness of his exuberance becomes now and again fatiguing, and more than once the suspicion crosses one's mind that levity is not the proper mood for the particular infidelity here dramatized, but the final impression is one of fluffy facility, of wit rather than sensationalism, of sex approached in the spirit of comedy rather than that of Kinsey.

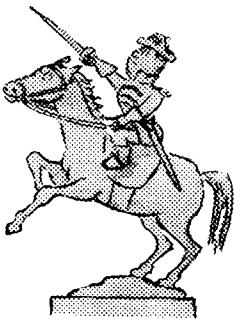
—CHARLES LEE.

SEVEN LOST SOULS: Like "The Magic Mountain," Paul Scott's **"Six Days in Marapore"** (Doubleday, $3.50) is a contrapuntal development of a number of conveniently assorted characters driven by similar stresses to dissimilar ends. Joe MacKendrick has arrived in Marapore on a kind of personal quest, only to discover that in his questing he inevitably intersects with the dark trails that have been left by the lives of others. There is the trail of Tom Gower and his attractive wife, Dorothy, divided by the secret of her Anglo-Indian origins. There is the trail of Harriet Haig and Cynthia Mapleton, directionless and confusing even to the women themselves. And there is the trail of the pathetic half-caste Judith Anderson, with the prowling figure of the lecherous Major Milner. The trails, in the well-chosen words of author Scott, of the "cranks and the gone-natives."

But trails, in a novel, ought to lead somewhere. Even more, in a novel, they ought to converge, not on some moral, nor on a happy ending, but on some idea which can be seen to govern the whole book. Mr. Scott's trails do not converge. They rather lose themselves in an ultimate wasteland where so many of Paul Bowles's and Truman Capote's characters end with their cosmic *weltschmerz* and their visceral profundities. And the unfortunate thing is that Mr. Scott intends more. At the outset it seems clear that he has a serious, solid aim, so that it is by painful degrees that one watches the book digress, distort, then break into fragments. What ever happened to MacKendrick's own problem? It is his search which promised to unify the whole book, but in the end he has nothing but an inscrutable smile to show for all of his trouble.

This is the easy way out, for the writer at least. Too easy for someone with Mr. Scott's abilities. For, while I do not think that "Six Days in Marapore" is a good book, I think it is likely that Mr. Scott is a good writer.

—JOHN FREDERICK MUEHL.



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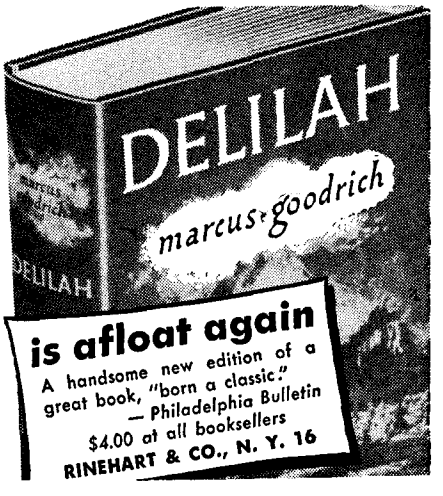
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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in early numbers.

AROUND THE WORLD ON $80. By Robert Christopher. Henry Holt & Co. $3. For eighty dollars, not a penny more nor less, Mr. Christopher circumambulated the entire globe in 1952. This is his account of his trip, which went from Manhattan to Manhattan via Germany, Italy, Middle East, India, Siam, and Japan.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES. By Christopher La Farge. Coward-McCann. $4. Mr. LaFarge's third novel in verse is set in a coastal town in Rhode Island, and deals with some people who drink bitter tea and think dour thoughts.

BRING ON THE GIRLS. By P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton. Simon & Schuster. $3.95. A memoir by Mr. Wodehouse, lyrics, and Mr. Bolton, music, about their adventures in the palmier days of the musical theatre when Ziegfeld, Marilyn Miller, Gershwin, Marion Davies, Jimmie Walker, and Gertrude Lawrence were around.

BROADWAY HEARTBEAT. By Bernard Sobel. Hermitage House. $3.50. The memoirs of one of Broadway's most prominent ballyhoo men, including early days in the Midwest, hustling for Earl Carroll, Ziegfeld and his lovelies, the movies, radio, burlesque, and even the textile industry.

CHINESE ART. By Judith Burling and Arthur Hart. Thomas Y. Crowell—Studio. $8.50. A study and history of all forms of Chinese art from their inception to the present. Reproductions in black-and-white and eight color plates.

COLLECTED POEMS: 1939-1953. By Louise Townsend Nicholl. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. A collection of poetry by a New England poet of some distinction, taken from five of her previously published volumes, most of which are now out of print.

COUSIN BAZILIO. By Eça de Queiroz. Translated by Roy Campbell. Noonday Press. $4. The first unabridged American edition of a famous nineteenth-century Portuguese novel. Set in Lisbon in the 1860's, it involves the back-of-the-barn carryings-on of a young married lady.

COWBOY ON A WOODEN HORSE. By Yuri Suhl. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. This novel is a sequel to "One Foot in America" (1950), and continues the adventures of a Jewish boy and his immigrant family who arrived in this country in the Twenties.

DOCTOR PYGMALION. By Maxwell Maltz. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. The autobiography of a well-known plastic surgeon who was born on the Lower East Side in New York, studied in Europe, and now has a successful practice and a nice penthouse.

ELIZABETH AND THE PRINCE OF SPAIN. By Margaret Irwin. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. The third in a series of biographical novels about Elizabeth I. In this one we are taken through the short reign of Mary Tudor, Elizabeth's coronation, and the intrigues with young Philip of Spain.

THE END OF THE WEEK. By Virginia Chase. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. A novel about some overworked, underpaid ladies who teach in an urban public school.

THE ESQUIRE TREASURY. Simon & Schuster. $6. A muscley anthology of articles and stories, drawings, cartoons, and photographs taken from the files of *Esquire* magazine. Included are names like Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Wolfe, Huxley, Michener, Steinbeck, Barnaby Conrad, Schulman, G. J. Nathan, Pietri De Donati, and so forth.

FATHER DIVINE. By Sara Harris and Harriet Crittenden. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A biography of five feet of manna, alias Father Divine, who was born George Baker, a sharecropper's son, and can now count 20,000 heads in his flock as well as some six million dollars' worth of earth.

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE. By Major Donald E. Keyhoe. Henry Holt & Co. $2.95. A roundup of flying saucer material based on the extensive files of the U.S. Air Force, by a Marine major, now retired, who is convinced that Others are indeed spying on us.

THE FREYA STARK STORY. By Freya Stark. Coward-McCann. $6.75. Three of Miss Stark's books in abridged form, previously published in England under the titles, "Traveller's Prelude," "Beyond Euphrates," and "The Coast of Incense." It is a mixture of autobiography and travel, and their author is regarded by many as the Dean of Women Junketeers.

THE HAUNTING MELODY. By Theodor Reik. Farrar, Straus & Young. $4. Mr. Reik's newest cup of Freudian ramification. This one discusses the roles music can play in the subconscious mind.

THE HILL OF DEVI. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4. A collection of letters by the present Dean of English Novelists, written from India to friends and family in England from 1912-13 and in 1921, when the author returned to India as secretary to the Maharajah of Dewas.

HOW RUSSIA IS RULED. By Merle Fainsod. Harvard University Press. $7.50. A detailed analysis of how the Soviet Government works, and of the direct effects it has on the lives of the people of contemporary Russia. The author is a professor of government at Harvard.

IN FOR LIFE. By Tom Runyon. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75. An account of his earlier days before he went to prison for life, and of everyday existence in the Iowa State Penitentiary, by a man who was a bank robber and was sent up for second-degree murder.

IN THE CASTLE OF MY SKIN. By George Lamming. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75. An account of growing up in Barbados in the West Indies, by a young West Indian Negro.

THE LIMITS OF THE EARTH. By Fairfield Osborn. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. Mr. Osborn's second trumpet blast—"Our Plundered Planet" (1948) was the first—about the earth's steadily increasing population (75,000 a day), and correspondingly decreasing food production.

THE LOST DUTCHMAN MINE. By Sims Ely. William Morrow & Co. $3.50. A short history of a lost gold mine in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona, which the author has hunted off and on for fifty years.

MADELEINE GROWN UP. By Mrs. Robert Henrey. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4. Like whipped cream on gingerbread comes the second instalment of Mrs. Henrey's autobiography ("The Little Madeleine" was the first). Here we follow her to London, where she works as a manicurist at the Savoy, meets her husband-to-be, and the book closes with her marriage.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK. By Quentin Reynolds. Random House. $2.75. A biography by Mr. Reynolds, who must have six hands and twelve typewriters, of a Canadian-born British spy who worked in the French underground during the last war, assuming the disguise of a village idiot. He was finally caught by the Germans, tortured, but never talked.

MIAMI, U. S. A. By Helen Muir. Henry Holt & Co. $3.95. Biographies of American cities are becoming as popular as "Scrabble." This one, about the Baghdad of the U.S., covers its growth from a small village to a chromium metropolis now pushing the million mark.

MISIA AND THE MUSES. By Misia Sert. John Day Co. $3.50. The memoirs of an old-time dilettante who, while living in Paris from the late Nineties through World War I, was painted by Renoir and Lautrec, written about by Mallarmé, and in turn was the friend and confidante of Diaghilev, Cocteau, Nijinsky, Ravel, and Stravinsky.

THE NEW TREASURE CHEST. Edited by J. Donald Adams. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4. A second collection (the first appeared in 1946) of literary snippings from the great writers—none is over 500 words in length—edited by *The New York Times Book Review*'s essayist.

THE NIGHTINGALES ARE SINGING. By Monica Dickens. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. A new novel by Miss Dickens, who is a direct descendant of Charles D., about a young Englishwoman who comes to the U.S. to marry an American Naval officer, and of the ensuing complications, marital and otherwise.

THE OLIVIERS. By Felix Barker. J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. An "authorized" biography of Sir Laurence and Vivien Leigh—two of the ablest and most attractive figures in contemporary theatre and cinema.

A RENAISSANCE TREASURY. Edited by Hiram Haydn and John Charles Nelson. Doubleday & Co. $6. Two noted Renaissance scholars have here brought together a collection of considerable tonnage from the Renaissance literature of Europe: Pico, Du Bellay, Rabelais, Petrarch, Cellini, Vasari, Cervantes, Erasmus, Kepler, et al.

RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT. By Vice Admiral Leslie C. Stevens. Little, Brown & Co. $5.75. A first-hand account of Moscow and the Russian peoples he was able to see and meet, by a former naval attaché to the American Embassy in that country.

S. HUROK PRESENTS. By S. Hurok. Hermitage House. $4.50. The reminiscences of the well-known dance and ballet impresario. Herein are many vignettes of the stars Mr. Hurok has had contact with, such as Duncan, Dunham, Martha Graham, Pavlova, the members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet group, etc.

THE SHADOWS OF THE IMAGES. By William E. Barrett. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A new novel by the author of "The Left Hand of God" about religion, violence, love, and stupidity in a Colorado city.

THE SHAME OF NEW YORK. By Ed Reid. Random House. $3. A Pulitzer Prize reporter's account of what is *really* going on in New York today—its bad government, graft in building, the waterfronts, the big hoods, and All-Americans like Mickey Jelke.

SLEEP WITHOUT ARMOR. By Frances Minturn Howard. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.75. A book of poems, many of which ran in *The Saturday Review*, the *Virginia Quarterly*, and *The New Yorker*.

THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPET. By Leicester Hemingway. Henry Holt & Co. $3.95. A novel by Papa's younger brother about a U.S. Army cameraman and his adventures in France during the last war and immediately after.

THURBER COUNTRY. By James Thurber. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. A compilation of new reports from the mesmeric Land of Thurber, including some stories and a lot of personal reminiscence first run in *The New Yorker*, The *Bermudian*, *Holiday*, and *Cosmopolitan*.

THE TRACK OF MAN. By Henry Field. Doubleday & Co. $5.95. A prominent anthropologist-explorer tells something about his own life story and the fascinations and methods of his calling.

TRANSOCEAN. By Richard Thruelson. Henry Holt & Co. $3. The story of Transocean Airlines, a company started by an ex-G.I., which now covers most of the world in its routes.

A TREASURY OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY. Edited by Anne Fremantle. Viking Press. $6. A collection of little-known and hard-to-come-by writings that deal with all sides of the early Christian Church, through letters, essays, meditations, poetry, clarification of dogma, etc.

UNCONDITIONAL HATRED. By Russell Grenfell. Devin-Adair. $3. An essay dealing with Britain's present place in world affairs, by an officer in the British Navy, who feels that his country should avoid any more wars, ally itself with France and Germany, and stay as far away from America as possible.

VARIED HARVEST. Edited by Amy Loveman and others. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50. A high-stepping collection of post-graduate writings by alumnae of Barnard college, by such as Babette Deutsch, Alice Duer Miller, Elizabeth Janeway, Dorothy Van Doren, Margaret Mead, Agnes Meyer, etc.

THE WILD PLACE. By Kathryn Hulme. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. A documentary account of several years which the author spent as a member of an UNRRA field team in a Polish D. P. camp after the war.

WINTER. By Cornelius Osgood. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75. Shades of Jack London! An account of a winter spent alone, with the exception of a couple of occasional Indians, in the northern plateau region of Canada. The author is an ethnologist.

—W.B.

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Hollywood Verdict: Gilt but Not Guilty

Continued from page 12

every class in the community such as "From Here to Eternity" or "Roman Holiday" but those who seek subtlety or sophistication will not find it in their movies any more frequently than they do so in the pages of the *Ladies Home Journal* or *Cosmopolitan*.

Because of this or in spite of it, or probably because all other desirable commodities were rationed while cash was plentiful, the public flocked to the movies in the years following World War II as never before. The profits of the six leading companies in 1946 amounted to 332 million dollars. Weekly domestic theatre attendance was estimated, probably somewhat generously, at 80,000,000.

And then almost overnight television reared its ugly antennae on the rooftops of the nation. Within four years twenty-five million living rooms were converted into miniature theatres. Movie men, softened by years of easy success, faced a youthful aggressive competitor which was prepared, through commercial sponsorship, to furnish entertainment gratis—maybe not so lavish or star-studded as Hollywood's, but entertainment minus queues, minus parking, minus baby sitters, minus box office.

Producers and exhibitors alike reeled under the impact. Receipts declined 44 per cent and over 5,000 of the 18,500 conventional indoor type of theatres closed. To combat the challenge of television M-G-M and Twentieth Century-Fox, at that time the best organized and most alert studios in Hollywood (though maybe I think so only because they diagnosed the malady much as I did), decided that the time was ripe to supply the screens of the nation with a product directed at a higher intellectual level than had in the past proved palatable or profitable. The addicts of quantity in entertainment could, they figured, linger at home, hugging their consoles as well as their consorts, while those who preferred quality would at long last find their more rarefied tastes gratified with greater frequency at their local theatre.

Never before had these two companies, thanks to their gifted studio heads, Dore Schary and Darryl Zanuck, so copiously expended their resources and talents to create a superior product. Never before had they turned out so high a percentage of adult films. And never before did they suffer such catastrophic consequences. Movies were better than ever, but business was worse. "Intruder in the Dust," "Asphalt Jungle," "Magnificent Yankee," "Fourteen Hours," "S.S. Teakettle," "Decision Before Dawn," one after another proved resounding flops. If they had not released a few massive spectacles like "Quo Vadis" and "David and Bathsheba" and a few smash musicals like "The Great Caruso" and "Showboat," and if their foreign markets had not greatly expanded, both companies would have shown heavy losses. As it was, Twentieth's earnings at the height of its liaison with the adult, if not the adulterous, nosedived to one cent per share.

Confronted by disaster, they rapidly reversed their field. The sensational success of Cinerama and of the first 3-D quickie, "Bwana Devil," suggested a new and more promising method of enticing patrons back to the picture palaces. Overnight the industry was again looking at the future through rose-colored glasses, if only by courtesy of the Polaroid Company of America. What price maturity if Warner's "House of Wax" or Paramount's "Sangaree" could bring out crowds the like of which had not been seen since 1947? Mr. Harry Warner was so enthralled that he prophesied that a pair of polarizing glasses would soon become as essential to the average man's wardrobe as a wristwatch or a fountain pen. Mr. Milton Gunzberg, proponent of something called "natural vision," declared that those who attended it "received as much eye benefit in some instances as they might from experiencing a dozen treatments for exercises in a doctor's office."

SUDDENLY we all became authorities on interaxial spacing, distorted convergence, and anamorphic lenses. Never since the advent of sound had there been so much excitement in Hollywood, and never—even then—so much confusion. Almost every day the trade papers heralded the invention of some new scheme for showing stereoscopic or wide-screen pictures or both. There was Depth-O-Vision, Metrovision, and Paravision, Vistorama, Triorama, TriOpticon, True Stereo, and Bolex Stereo. The Russians, as was to be anticipated, announced that they had scooped the universe and had been showing 3-D films without glasses for lo these many years.

This is neither the suitable place, nor am I the suitable authority, to adequately explain these technical innovations. Suffice it to say that the

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indomitable Mr. Skouras emerged with perhaps the best and certainly the most publicized process. Christened CinemaScope, it dispenses with the glasses required for 3-D and the three projectors which make Cinerama too costly for widespread theatre installation. It is projected on a huge curved screen, with a width more than 2½ times its height, and accompanied by a cacophonic roar known as stereophonic sound. Actually, the picture projected is not stereoscopic, but is designed to engulf and overwhelm theatre patrons to such an extent that they feel themselves part and parcel of what they are witnessing. At least on the initial week of its showing at the Roxy Theatre, "The Robe," Twentieth Century-Fox's first CinemaScope masterpiece, overpowered the New York public to the tune of $317,000 (including taxes), establishing an all-time theatrical box-office record.

Mr. Skouras has announced that hereafter all of his company's productions will be shot exclusively for CinemaScope, and although exhibitors may bewail the cost of new equipment and esthetes its "mail slot" proportions, there can be little question that CinemaScope or some similar process has come to stay. There are now in production, or about to be produced by different companies, 124 films designed either for 3-D or the wide screen. The new processes call for "big pictures"—for the spectacular and the epic, rather than for the intimate and the tender. While these techniques are in the ascendancy, "Quo Vadis" will be the prevalent movie model rather than "Lili."

The expense of producing such pictures will make all previous records appear miserly. Twentieth Century-Fox has appropriated $35,000,000 for its first fourteen CinemaScope productions. What "Oklahoma!" will cost Todd A.O. and "Seven Wonders of the World" Cinerama, no one has even dared to announce. There will not be over 250 pictures made by the major companies in 1954—less than half the number which Hollywood in its heyday used to produce—but the total outlay will probably be the greatest in its history.

THE prospects for the future, however, are not as bleak and forbidding as all this may sound. There are many theatres which because of their limited size, bankroll, or enthusiasm, are unprepared to install 3-D and/or wide-angle lenses. There are many picturegoers who will find themselves unable to adjust to the eye and ear strain of the stereoscopic and stereophonic and who will declare themselves allergic to colossal close-ups, lengthy scenes, and diminished tempo.

These recalcitrant exhibitors and patrons constitute potential recruits for what are now unfortunately known as "art houses." Actually, their name is no more misleading than are the reports, sedulously circulated by wishful thinkers, concerning their rapidly expanding numbers and prosperity. They rarely, except as an added attraction, play genuine art films such as "The Titan" or "Leonardo Da Vinci"—their current plight, if they did, would be even worse. Only those who occasionally manage to book such Hollywood forays into the adult world as "The Moon Is Blue" or "Death of a Salesman" show a reasonable return, if any, on their investment.

At present less than 500 theatres play foreign and English films with reasonable consistency, and the majority of these do so only when a suitable product is available—said product being more apt to consist of "Bitter Rice" or "Anna," with sex appeal thinly disguised as art, than of Continental films of genuine distinction such as "The Little World of Don Camillo" or "Forbidden Games." One hundred twenty of them are located in the New York metropolitan area, forty-four in Los Angeles, and thirty-four in San Francisco. In all, they exist in only seventy communities and they represent less than 3 per cent of the total number of theatre seats in the United States.

The existence of this handful of houses is, however, of far greater consequence than their limited number or success would indicate. Its real significance is suggested by Frederick Lewis Allen in "The Big Change," when he writes in quite another connection: "The job before those Americans who would like to see the United States a Greece rather than a Carthage is to try to develop, alongside the media of entertainment and equipment which satisfy the people's present needs, others which will satisfy more exacting taste and will be on hand for them when they are ready for more rewarding fare." Those of us who, like Mr. Allen, realize the necessity for such outposts of culture would be of greater service to our cause if we talked less glowingly about the progress of the art houses and sought more zealously to understand the nature of their current status.

Their problems are many. The two primary difficulties, however, consist of a scarcity of pictures and of patrons. The Sutton or the Paris Theatres in New York can flourish with three or four successful pictures a year, the Squirrel Hill in Pittsburgh may need twenty, but before the Roxy of Fargo, North Dakota, for example, can feel reasonably safe in abandoning a strictly commercial policy it requires the assurance of a steady flow of product. And until we have art theatres in the Fargos as well as in New York and Pittsburgh the movement will never be built on a solid national foundation.

Nor can it have such a solid foundation without ardent local supporters. The reactions of the non-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CAMPUS CAPERS

Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, presents herewith the titles of ten novels, most of them fairly recent, which have in common a college or university setting. She asks you to assign them to the proper authors, who are listed higgledy-piggledy at the right. Six correct assignations will get you your degree (just), seven will carry graduation honors, and eight or better should entitle you to be chief marshal at next year's commencement. Answers on page 47.

1. The Struggles of Albert Woods
2. The Stones of the House
3. The Spire
4. The Second Happiest Time
5. Live with Lightning
6. The Cry of Children
7. The Groves of Academe
8. Beer for the Kitten
9. Cane Juice
10. The Disguises of Love

( ) John Horne Burns
( ) Mitchell Wilson
( ) John Earle Uhler
( ) Mary Macarthy
( ) Theodore Morrison
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( ) John Phillips
( ) Robie Macauley
( ) Hester Pine

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habitual moviegoers are, at best, tardy. It does not make a vital difference to a publisher if his book sells in the first week of its publication or in the tenth, but with movies prompt patronage is of the essence. Every first-run theatre has a weekly hold-over figure. If a picture falls below this amount of business it is losing money and few exhibitors have the intestinal fortitude to prolong the engagement in the hope that patronage will "build." After an unsuccessful showing of this nature it becomes almost impossible to obtain subsequent runs for a picture. The finest French film of the Resistance, "Bataille Du Rail," for example, has been exhibited on less than half-a-dozen occasions. Time after time friends have told me that they heard that a picture which I was handling was superb and that they fully intended to see it. Before they could tear themselves away, however, from such agreeable pastimes as discussing how juvenile were most movies, it had been relegated to a can on a shelf, only occasionally dusted off for a select showing at a university or an art museum.

The success of a limited number of English importations like "Tight Little Island," "Kind Hearts and Coronets," and "The Cruel Sea" at New York City small first-run houses has led to premature rejoicing among myopic Manhattanites. West of the Hudson, however, and south of the Bay, such films are still regarded with profound suspicion. Small-town patrons find their Oxford intonation so unintelligible that they suggest the need of subtitles similar to those used for French or Italian importations.

Two years ago my associates and I imported an English melodrama, "Seven Days to Noon," which dealt with the threat to mankind encased in the atomic bomb. The picture grossed less than $225,000 and of this disappointing figure we took about 65 per cent out of the New York metropolitan area. The average for a Hollywood picture for that territory is 15 per cent! "Hamlet" and "Henry V," aided by the vigorous support of Women's Clubs, school authorities, and other public-spirited groups, which apparently Shakespeare can enlist but which we have never been able to muster for authors who have the misfortune to be alive, both grossed over two and a half million dollars. But for every "Henry V" there are a dozen other English pictures which fail even to return the cost of prints, accessories, and advertising. Such splendid features as "Cry the Beloved Country," "Ivory Hunter," and "The Brave Don't Cry," will not transfer an American dime to their dollar-hungry creators. As for foreign-language films, their business, contrary to the general impression, has been steadily shrinking since the halcyon days of "Open City" and "Paisan." Rarely do they succeed in obtaining 200 bookings; fifty is much closer to the average, and many secure even less.

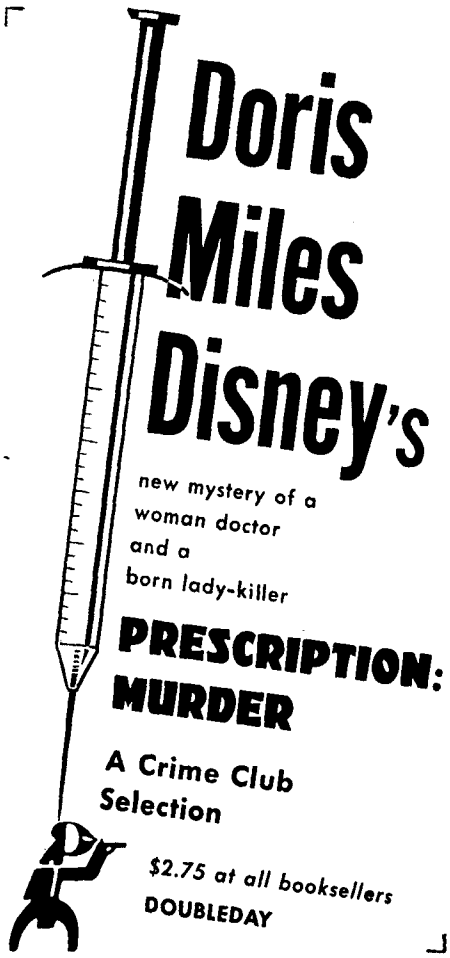
IF the art theatre is to justify its existence it must free itself from its present bondage to the films of for-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
INTRUDER FROM THE SEA *Gordon McDonell* (Little, Brown: $3)	Air vet abandons bus south of San Francisco, runs into large difficulties.	Too much geography, biography; story clogged with detail.	Slow motion
A KISS BEFORE DYING *Ira Levin* (S&S: $2.50)	Conceited youth at Midwest college plans death of lovey-dovey, goes on from there.	Over-tailored and too long, but has good zing in spots.	Stylized but effective
TOO MANY COUSINS *Douglas G. Browne* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Death takes British heirs; Mr. Tuke, govt. lawyer, plays detective, has fun.	Cast agreeable, realistic; handling suave, literate.	Can't go wrong here
YOU WILL DIE TODAY *R. I. Wakefield* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	College prof. strangled; faculty, students, gratified; Lt. Marshall is not.	Several members of cast unconvincing; pace choppy, confused.	Average
UNINVITED GUEST *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.75)	She-souse smothered on Barbados cruise; second victim clobbered; shipmate finds answer.	Pace warms up slowly; yachting set largely stereotyped.	Not up to his usual

—SERGEANT CUFF.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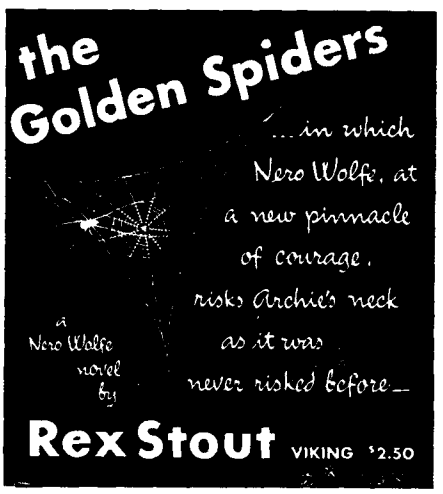
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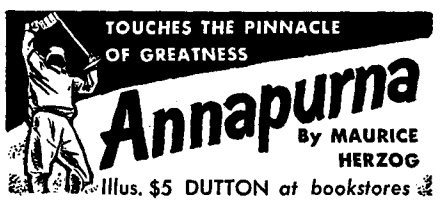

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eign nations. Much as we may appreciate European realism and candor, it does not appear to me unduly jingoistic to believe that we also require pictures about the American scene written by American authors, directed by men with an American point of view, and performed by American actors. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there are many such men and women now available. Some of them are Hollywood exiles whose youthful idealism misled them into joining organizations which a decade or more ago gave the impression of being wholly praiseworthy in their objectives. Many of them in the past participated in making some of our best pictures. They are now out of work and eager to demonstrate their devotion to democratic rather than totalitarian ideals. In addition, there are the old-time non-ideological rebels who never were able to adjust themselves to big studio practices or politics, not to mention the 1953 brand of irreconcilables bitterly averse to the new epic techniques. Lastly, there is a talented younger generation knocking on the door—a door which with a production cut of probably 50 per cent will prove harder to pry open than ever before.

In the past, independent pictures—except for the costly creations of such

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 541

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 541 will be found in the next issue.

SGULRC, RI PRUL YGK

LUVSAK, YQGL QGCPK NBV

YBVDP QBDP! — OQGUDZK

DGSH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 540

"Of all failures, to fail in a witticism is the worst."—Walter Landor

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.ntrep.g, en.repreneurs as Goldwyn and Selznick—have been almost exclusively imitative in intent. The films distributed by Lippert or Monogram were designed solely to duplicate with inferior casts, stories, and production facilities the successes of their bigger rivals. They were never intended for art-house showing but only to serve as secondary attractions on double-feature bills.

THERE have, however, been a handful of exceptions, enough to prove that it is only by suffrance that Europe continues to enjoy its present monopoly in the field of the experimental or the sophisticated cinema—exceptions such as "The Quiet One," "Navajo Boy," "The Well," and "The Little Fugitive." Bucking the present tendency towards the lush and the lavish, there are, even in Hollywood, young men like Clarence Greene, Russell Rouse, and others who apparently have mastered the art of making for $150,000 films that are not an insult to the intelligence.

Under existing conditions, however, pictures budgeted even at this low figure are unable to return a profit if exhibited exclusively in art houses. To cure this situation there should be at least 50 per cent more such theatres. They cannot continue to be confined to a limited number of highly competitive situations but must be spread across the country until there is one in each of the 106 American cities with populations of over 100,000, and at least two or three in the larger communities. What with bad business, shortages of product, and the dilemma of the new techniques, there are a plethora of commercial theatres prepared to experiment with a new policy. They will do so just as soon as suitable pictures in adequate quantities are available. And such pictures will, in turn, be available just as soon as more patrons rally to the support of those now in circulation.

Neither of the ancient bogeys—Hollywood moguls or inflexible exhibitors—stand in the way. All that is necessary is for the intellectuals to stop paying lip service to the better cinema and to start paying admission. When they do so the exciting thing about American movies will be, not how much wider they are, but how much better.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. William Cooper. 2. Theodore Morrison. 3. Gerald Brace. 4. John Phillips. 5. Mitchell Wilson. 6. John Horne Burns. 7. Mary Macarthy. 8. Hester Pine. 9. John Earle Uhler. 10. Robie Macauley.

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PUZZLERS: SEE THE SEA HORSES on PAGE 45.

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[illegible] DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1023

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Preceded by Word M, the appellation of "Men" who comprised a fanatical sect in England at the time of the Commonwealth.

B. Fainting.

C. Descendant of Jonadab; abstainer from alcoholic liquors.

D. Equal to the end proposed.

E. The word almost nobody can remember when trying to think of the four chief ones which end in *-dous*, meaning risky.

F. The agricultural produce of a year.

G. Full name, he who used to say "Monkeys is the cwaziest people."

H. Specifying that "cylinder" of a compound engine from which the steam is finally ejected, usually into a condenser (comp.).

I. Ritual inspection of meat to insure its fitness for use by Jews.

J. Craze for being employed, esp. in public office.

K. Signs standing for words, etc. in ancient manuscripts, coins, etc.

WORDS

84 167 66 14 52 38 29 27

160 174 191 193 117 95

155 53 15 57 100 192 186 153 110

149 170 31 54 74 80 47 102 135 21

162 139 64 71 168 1 94 83 41

164 177 181 61 68 142

128 178 113 146 190 10 141

72 112 5 161 59 4 35 90 78 13

11

85 34 159 63 118 67 39

37 46 145 73 58 2 99 43 106 20

188

165 23 12 82 92

DEFINITIONS

L. Followed by Words T and W, one of the most quoted phrases by Our Lord at the Last Supper (2 wds.).

M. See Word A.

N. Suitable; convenient; timely.

O. Poison found in derris root and other fish poisons, widely used as an insecticide.

P. *Moses' father-in-law.*

Q. Heraldic term for curved like an S.

R. Person or thing which is near another.

S. Rembrandt's wife.

T. See Word L (2 wds.).

U. Steeple built over the crossing of a cathedral (2 wds.).

V. Identity in musical pitch.

W. See Word L (2 wds.).

X. The "Boy Wonder" in his skill, in 1906, who won fifty other world championships before he retired from tournament competition, 1952.

Y. The digestive tract.

Z. Saying it over again in another way.

WORDS

169 50 105 108 148 185

130 32 18 79 144

156 143 49 55 133 28 86 172 107

163 17 97 123 24 65 194 152

183 30 103 109 171 132

129 114 187 116 122 137 197 147 76

158 45 6 140 60 26 40 111

19 173 87 101 127 180

9 8 42 115 56 150 179 44

138 175 98 69 48 126 121 151 91

157 189 89 70 154 3

7 104 75 93 134 131 51

36 77 119 136 196

166 125 22 16 62 81 195

33 96 88 184 120 182 124 176 25

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 E	2 J	3 V	4 H	■	5 H	6 R	7 W	8 T	■	9 T	10 G	11 H
■	12 K	13 H	14 A	15 C	16 Y	■	17 O	18 M	■	19 S	20 J	21 D	22 Y	23 K	24 O	25 Z
■	26 R	27 A	■	28 N	29 A	30 P	■	31 D	32 M	33 Z	34 I	■	35 H	36 X	37 J	■
38 A	39 I	40 R	41 E	42 T	■	43 J	■	44 T	45 R	46 J	47 D	48 U	49 N	50 L	51 W	52 A
53 C	■	54 D	55 N	56 T	■	57 C	58 J	59 H	■	60 R	61 F	62 Y	63 I	64 E	65 O	66 A
■	67 I	68 F	69 U	■	70 V	71 E	72 H	73 J	74 D	75 W	76 Q	■	77 X	78 H	79 M	■
80 D	81 Y	82 K	83 E	84 A	85 I	86 N	87 S	—	88 Z	89 V	90 H	91 U	■	92 K	93 W	94 E
95 B	96 Z	■	97 O	98 U	■	99 J	100 C	101 S	102 D	■	103 P	104 W	105 L	■	106 J	107 N
108 L	■	109 P	110 C	111 R	■	112 H	113 G	114 Q	■	115 T	116 Q	117 B	118 I	■	119 X	120 Z
121 U	122 Q	123 O	■	124 Z	125 Y	■	126 U	127 S	128 G	129 Q	130 M	131 W	■	132 P	133 N	■
134 W	135 D	■	136 X	137 Q	138 U	139 E	140 R	141 G	142 F	143 N	144 M	■	145 J	146 G	147 Q	148 L
149 D	150 T	151 U	152 O	■	153 C	154 V	■	155 C	156 N	157 V	158 R	159 I	■	160 B	■	161 H
162 E	163 O	164 F	165 K	166 Y	■	167 A	168 E	■	169 L	170 D	171 P	172 N	■	173 S	■	174 B
175 U	176 Z	177 F	178 G	179 T	■	180 S	181 F	182 Z	■	183 P	184 Z	185 L	■	186 C	187 Q	■
188 J	■	189 V	190 G	191 B	■	192 C	193 B	194 O	195 Y	196 X	197 Q	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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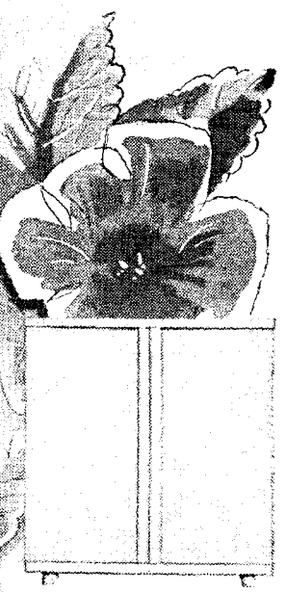
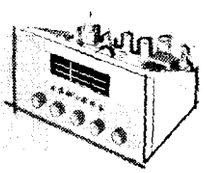
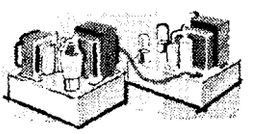


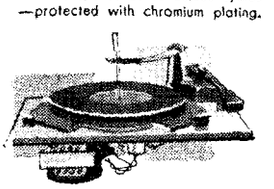
Superb example of modern styling. Also available in Provincial maple or 18th Century mahogany cabinetry.



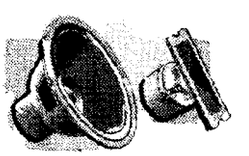
FM-AM Tuner—high fidelity "No Drift" circuits—fully chromium-plated.



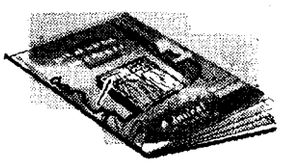
Power Amplifier—15 watt all-triode—flat response 20 to 80,000 cycles—protected with chromium plating.



Record Changer—3-speed Professional Type with 4-pole motor.



Speakers—15" Bass plus High Frequency Horn, 30-17,000 cycle range in 6.7 cu. ft. bass-reflex enclosure.



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Only Admiral's vast facilities and engineering laboratories could create a reproducing instrument such as this . . . . combining the highest standards of craftsmanship with the economies of mass purchasing. Rarely is such perfection attained in custom installations *assembled piecemeal at more than three times the cost!*

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SR RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

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How Good Music Can Pay Its Way

The Trust Fund Story

By IRVING KOLODIN

CONSIDERING the quantity and quality of recordings now available and the likely additions to the lists before Christmas, it is not immediately alarming news that another record ban is imaginable by January 1, 1954. At that time the agreement dating from 1948 between the record makers and the American Federation of Musicians will expire. If negotiations to extend it have been undertaken, we haven't heard about them.

It is even possible that some makers might welcome an enforced period of idleness, to direct attention to a number of excellent issues which have been overlooked in the "record" tide of the last year and to work off the contents of the industry-wide icebox. Moreover, those with the strongest European affiliates would suffer little inconvenience, while those whose merchandise comes almost exclusively from abroad—such as London, Westminster, and Urania—would have a clear field for as long as the production was restricted here.

To be sure, bans of this sort have been promulgated in the past to penalize the manufacturers where, it was supposed, it would hurt them most—in the making of popular records. But the increased dollar volume in music of more durable value has given it a much larger share of importance than ever, and the recording performers who have profited from it will be penalized if imports continue unabated while they remain idle.

The fundamental fact is that the occasion for negotiation of a new contract brings to prominence a number of issues that have been dormant too long. Each of them relates directly to the kind of records we are going to have when the next contract is eventually negotiated—there will be one, sooner or later—and some of them have far-reaching possibilities affecting the musical life of the country as a whole.

There is, in the first place, the question of whether AFM (American Federation of Musicians) members may take part in European recordings. At present, they are forbidden to play or conduct performances not sanctioned by the AFM, on penalty of union reprisal. This is an unrealistic, unworkable prohibition which has had but one result: to transfer job opportunities from Americans to Europeans. The essential absurdity is illustrated by the production of contemporary American music in Vienna—it would not be economically feasible to do the work in this country—under the direction of such Viennese conductors as Hans Swarowsky or Felix Prohaska, rather than Walter Hendl, Leonard Bernstein, or Howard Hanson.

The union cannot control the output; it can only control the—so to speak—human input. The present restriction inhibits quality, and it deters the AFM's own members from work and the rewards created by the demands of an increasing market. Fortunately, the European countries have not responded in kind.

This consideration is closely tied to another that needs close study in the negotiation of a new agreement. That is the arrangement by which 1 per cent of the selling price of every record made in America by those participating in the agreement is paid into the Music Performance Trust Fund, of which Samuel R. Rosenbaum is the Trustee. As those who have lived with the history of this development will recall, it came into existence in 1945 as a royalty paid by the makers to the union for the privilege of resuming work after a lengthy stoppage. Enactment of the Taft-Hartley Law in 1947 made this illegal, and another stoppage ensued until a new formula was contrived. The manufacturers "created" the Trust Fund, and the Trustee supervises the spending of the money. In its original form the money was spent by the union through its locals. In the new form the continent is divided into 654 areas (Canada's performers are included in the agreement). By an odd "coincidence" the geographical areas are almost identical with the jurisdictional division of the old "local" setup.

To judge from the slight amount of

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Advertisement

What's New on Columbia Lp Records

NOVEMBER RELEASES:

COMPOSER, WORK	PERFORMER AND NUMBER	COMMENT
Casals Festival At Prades Vol. II: Schubert: Quintet in C Major, Op. 163	Isaac Stern, violin; Alexander Schneider, violin; Milton Katims, viola; Pablo Casals, 'cello; Paul Tortelier, 'cello.	The world's great virtuosi join legendary Pablo Casals in history making performances. Casals' ideals and purpose have moulded individual talent and temperaments into superb chamber music ensembles.
Schubert: Trio No. 1 in B-Flat Major, Op. 99.	Alexander Schneider, violin; Pablo Casals, 'cello; Eugene Istomin, piano.	
Schubert: Trio No. 2 in E-Flat Major, Op. 100.	Alexander Schneider, violin; Pablo Casals, 'cello; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano.	
Schubert: Sonata No. 5 in A Major For Violin and Piano ("Duo"), Op. 162.	Joseph Szigeti, violin; Dame Myra Hess, piano.	
Schubert: Variations on "Trock'ne Blumen" from "Die Schöne Müllerin," Op. 160.	John Wummer, flute; Leopold Mannes, piano. (4-12" Lp) (Regular Edition) SL-183.	
* * *		
Casals Festival At Prades Vol. III: Schumann: Fünf Stücke Im Volkston, Op. 102.	Pablo Casals, 'cello; Leopold Mannes, piano.	
Schumann: Trio No. 1 in D Minor, Op. 63.	Alexander Schneider, violin; Pablo Casals, 'cello; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano.	
Brahms: Trio No. 1 in B Major, Op. 8.	Isaac Stern, violin; Pablo Casals, 'cello; Dame Myra Hess, piano.	
Brahms: Trio No. 2 in C Major, Op. 87.	Joseph Szigeti, violin; Pablo Casals, 'cello; Dame Myra Hess, piano. (3-12" Lp) (Regular Edition) SL-184.	
Beethoven: Concerto No. 3 in C Minor For Piano and Orchestra, Op. 37.	Rudolf Serkin, piano, with The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. ML 4738.	A brilliant new performance of the 3rd concerto by two of America's greatest talents.
Wagner: Music from "Tristan and Isolde" (Prelude, Liebesnacht, Liebestod) and "Die Götterdämmerung" (Siegfried's Funeral Music and Immolation Scene).	Margaret Harshaw, soprano, with The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. ML 4742.	Music made for the Philadelphians! Margaret Harshaw, making her second appearance on the Columbia label, sings the Immolation Scene with conviction and beauty of tone.
Bach: Complete Works For Solo Violin: Sonata in G Minor, Partita in B Minor, Sonata in A Minor, Partita in D Minor, Sonata in C Major, Partita in E Major.	Rolph Schroeder, violin, using the Curved Bow. (3-12" Lp) SL-189.	A new name in the recording field, Rolph Schroeder, plays Bach's solo violin works as they were originally conceived. The curved bow produces rich, full chords impossible to play with today's modern violin bow.
Bach: The Well-Tempered Clavichord, Book I: Vol. 1 — Preludes and Fugues 1-8; Vol. II — Preludes and Fugues 9-17; Vol. III — Preludes and Fugues 18-24.	Isolde Ahlgrimm, harpsichord. (3-12" Lp) SL-191.	Isolde Ahlgrimm, another new name to record buyers, uses an instrument similar to one owned by Bach himself: the pedal harpsichord. The French Suites — all six on one "Lp"! — as well as the Preludes and Fugues receive excellent recording to match these performances.
Bach: French Suites: Suites No. 1 in D Minor, No. 2 in C Minor, No. 3 in B Minor, No. 4 in E-Flat Major, No. 5 in G Major, No. 6 in E Major.	Isolde Ahlgrimm, harpsichord. ML 4746.	
Celebrated Tenor Arias.	Richard Tucker, tenor, with the Orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Assn. conducted by Fausto Cleva. ML 4750.	The beautiful voice of a great tenor brilliantly reproduced!
Black Magic: That Old Black Magic, Mad About The Boy, Our Waltz, Little Girl Blue, Some Day, Out Of This World, Easy To Love, Limehouse Blues.	Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra. ML 4741.	Kostelanetz's sheer magic stars in these all-time favorites. High fidelity recording adds luster to an already famous orchestra.
Shostakovitch: Symphony No. 5, Op. 47.	Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of N. Y. ML 4739.	Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic in an ear-stirring hi-fi performance of this popular Shostakovitch symphony.
Janáček: On An Overgrown Path; October 1, 1905; In The Threshing House.	Rudolf Firkusny, piano. ML 4740.	First and only recording of the complete piano music of Janáček on one 12" "Lp".

"Columbia," Lp Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas.

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publicity that has attended this five-year program, one would imagine that the expenditure has been trifling, the results negligible. Actually, the amount paid out has now risen to $2,000,000 a year; or, in the five-year period, a substantial $7,000,000. The apparent reluctance of the record makers to make much of the benefits thus bestowed on the American people bespeaks two things: either they regard the money as an impost, a kind of customs tax for getting their merchandise on the market, and thus resent it, or else they feel that they cannot set up conditions for its expenditure without violating anti-trust laws.

HOWEVER, it is apparent that some such arrangement will remain a *quid pro quo* for a contract, and it would seem in the manufacturers' interest (1) to participate more actively in the operation of the Trust Fund, and claim the credit to which they are entitled; (2) to further the development of the fund so that its potentiality for good work is increased.

At the present time, allocation of the money for projects of all kinds is based, roughly, on the percentage paid into the fund on the sale of equivalent records. That is to say, so-called "serious" music receives, in benefits, about 20 per cent of the total expended. Since it is a provision of the agreement that money can only be spent for performances to which no admission is charged, some of this has been allocated for free chamber-music series in various parts of the country or to aid civic symphony orchestra by underwriting fund-raising concerts or to extend employment opportunities for members of the smaller symphony orchestras through concerts in high schools, etc., to which admission is not charged.

As to the 80 per cent which is expended on dance music, band concerts, music in hospitals, etc., the results are as confusing as the motivation. In theory, this kind of activity gives employment to musicians deprived of work by juke-boxes and other mechanical forms of music making. Since juke-boxes themselves are not taxed, it is clear that the record-buying public is—to say the very least—sharing part of a load which it did not create.

However, with the sales of recorded music in the "serious" category steadily rising, and every indication being that they will continue to climb both in absolute figures and in relative proportion to other kinds of records, the consideration should be not with the 20 per cent of $2,000,000 presently allocated for such expenditure, but with the 30 or 35 per cent of a much larger sum in the next few years.

It is surprising to discover, for one thing, that the merchandisers whose material originates out of this country do not contribute to the fund as it is now constituted. There is, of course, no way of compelling them to do so, since the union has no jurisdiction over the musicians they employ. (Of course, "they"—London, Westminster, Decca, or whoever—pay, the same as others, on records made by AFM musicians here, but that is, in several instances at least, a small fraction of their total business.)

At least one of the manufacturers has assured me that if the money were spent in a way he regarded as "more constructive" he would go along with his competitors and pay into the fund on the sale of his European catalogue, even though it is not required of him. Whether others would take a similar view voluntarily, I cannot say; but if they in return received a *quid pro quo*, perhaps they would be more amenable to suasion where force cannot be applied. I mean, in this instance, the permission to use American conductors and instrumentalists, at their own option, in European recordings.

The evident fact is that the amount available to the Trust Fund would be increased substantially at once, on the volume of business being done now, and in the very area where the increase has recently been the greatest—on records of serious music. For it is the American connoisseur of good music who has opened the way for the creation of new catalogues from abroad, with such others as Epic and Angel now added to the ambitious producers who will appeal to that market.

Considering the need of American producers of "live" music for aid in meeting the increased costs of producing their year's work, with an obvious ceiling on ticket prices and a literal ceiling on the numbers of people who can be accommodated in the existing halls, it seems shocking that this very applicable source of income should be denied to them. It is, after all, public money, derived from the sale of a product in the open market, and public interest should determine how it is expended. Since the consideration of subsidy from a Government source is remote—and the restrictive effects of Washington jitters on the inclusion of Aaron Copland's "Lincoln Portrait" on the program of the last Inaugural makes one think it is just as well—the Trust Fund could have a function much broader than it has at present.

It is not inconceivable, with an expanded market and all of those who are servicing that market paying into the fund, that the allocation of money for serious music could rise to a million or more dollars a year. That wouldn't pay all the deficits, to be sure, but it would be a healthy start on some of the more urgent ones. Considering the affiliation of RCA with the Boston Symphony, or of Columbia with the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony or the Philadelphia Orchestra, or of Capitol with the Pittsburgh Orchestra and Mercury with the Minneapolis—to mention but the obvious ones—there is no question that an identity of interest exists.

What seems to me of the first importance is for the record makers to realize the utility of the mechanism at their disposal, and thereafter to see that it operates in the way that the presently non-paying producer describes as "more constructive." Certainly, the Trust Fund offers a greater possibility for helping good music pay its own way than any other development in our time.

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Much Ado About "Kate"

Cole Porter's verbal collaborators in "Kiss Me, Kate" offer some irreverent advice on how to write a musical comedy—and how to collaborate with Cole Porter. This article is drawn from the introduction to the text of "Kiss Me, Kate," to be published by Alfred A. Knopf on November 9.

By SAM AND BELLA SPEWACK

THE WRITING of musical comedy is a craft in itself, just as writing a play or a screenplay is. But they all have three things in common: situation, dialogue, and hard work.

In the realm of the musical show there are: first, the play with music; second, the operetta; third, the musical comedy; and fourth, the spectacle or extravaganza with music. In the first and last categories the songs do not carry forward the plot—or shall we say the story? In the operetta (and in the opera, for that matter) the songs do. In the musical comedy the songs should serve a similar function, but occasionally they serve a mood function instead; someone feels happy or sad and you get "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!" or "Why Was I Born?"

Musicals can be based on anything. "The King and I" had for its predecessor "Anna and the King of Siam," the experiences of an Englishwoman assigned to teach the children of the King of Siam during the last century. It was a best-seller as a book and an equally successful film before it was equipped with songs and a ballet. "My Darlin' Aida" emanated from the opera without "My" and "Darlin'." The adaptation kept the original music, but showed the events as occurring in the South during the Civil War, A.D., instead of in Egypt, B.C. "Pal Joey" is based on a fiction series of letters from a heel of a hoofer to a friend, which first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

And yet the musical comedy cannot revolve around just anything. It must not only be about something; it must also be entertaining. Unlike the straight play, this form is elastic—provided it can be made to serve the ear and the eye.

For example, "Leave It to Me" can be called a play with music, for none of the songs that Cole Porter wrote for that comedy of ours advanced the story one iota. "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" merely repeated what Dolly had already told Buck Thomas: that she had to leave him because she listened to her heart and not her head. When it was sung by Mary Martin, who cared if she had already told her reasons? Of the musical fact that her heart belonged to Daddy the public could not get enough. Incidentally, that was Mary Martin's first appearance on Broadway and the first time a strip-tease took place in snowbound Siberia.

But in "Kiss Me, Kate" Cole Porter's songs served the story, especially in Shakespeare's "Shrew," the play within the play. When Petruchio sings "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily," or when Lucentio, Gremio, and Hortensio join with Bianca to sing "Tom, Dick, or Harry," Shakespeare's deathless words of plottage go into limbo. Where Porter's melodious substitution takes about five minutes with encores, Shakespeare takes twenty.

For in order to keep the actors in his stock company loyal and contented, Shakespeare frequently padded the parts of his lesser characters, and the audience did not object because in those days nobody had to make the 11:20 to the suburbs.

There was plenty of misgiving when "Kiss Me, Kate" was about to open in England, Shakespeare's own land. Would the English be offended or would they appreciate that we had been faithful to the Bard in our fashion? The tryout was in Oxford, and if the New Theatre had been triple its size it would still not have been adequate accommodation for the crowds who wanted to see it. In London there were one million paying customers at the Coliseum despite the handicap of a stage where the Old and New Testaments could be played simultaneously. And on tour in England, Scotland, and Wales, "Kiss Me, Kate" has to date played for fourteen months—with an all-British cast. A second touring company starts next month.

Whatever was used of Shakespeare was used *à la mot*. Only two lines were borrowed from other Shakespeare sources—one from "Hamlet" and one from "Macbeth." You find them.

ORDINARILY we write plays—just plays. But about every ten years we tiptoe with typewriters into musical meadows. Thus, in 1938 we emerged with "Leave It to Me," a study of a Kansan who is made Ambassador to Soviet Russia against his will, and who devotes himself to the business of getting recalled. This was before the era of the New Art Form. So we ran a year in New York and a year on the road.

In 1948 we wrote "Kiss Me, Kate." Definitely New Art Form.

For both, Cole Porter provided wonderful music and lyrics.

Ergo, if we all live long enough, 1958 should see a third collaboration.

But while we're still fresh and in our right senses we want to contribute our mite to the study of the New Art Form.

You may remember that the old musical comedy consisted of a story (book), songs, dances, scenery, girls, and boys. On the other hand, the New Art Form consists of a story (book), songs, dances, scenery, girls, and boys.

But there is an indefinable "something else" in the New Art Form. Is it the product of a mysterious blending of kinetics, plastics, social significance, abstractionism, atonal atavism, a fluid capitalist structure, and plenty of money in the hands of the wrong people?

We realized when we embarked on "Kiss Me, Kate" that just having fun with Victor Moore as an Ambassador to Russia would not be enough. That was all right in 1938. But 1948 was made of sterner stuff. The New Art Form required a message.

For instance, "Call Me Madam": money ain't everything. "Pal Joey": don't be a heel. These crusades, articulated for the first time in the New Art Form, have had a profound effect upon our society. We have a message, too. It's Shakespeare's: slap your wife around; she'll thank you for it.

Sociologists have not yet measured the influence of "Kiss Me, Kate" upon domestic relations, but when they do get around to it they will discover that a preponderant number of wedding anniversaries (ranging from the first to the fiftieth) were celebrated by happy or resigned couples scattered nightly throughout the audi-

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ence during its run. Our mail orders generally began with an explanation that the tickets were wanted for the anniversary date.

The cultural impact of the comedy has been profound. At its British debut, in Oxford, two natives of that damp ancient seat of learning met during the intermission for this bit of dialogue:

"Difficult to follow, what?"

"It's a skit on Shakespeare, you know."

"Really?"

Fortunately this was not a typical reaction. From New York to California, in Australia and New Zealand, in the Scandinavian countries and wherever else Western culture still reigns, men and women quenched their thirst for the New Art Form and were pathetically grateful—for they had only the music and literature of the ages to draw upon, and thus were in a pitiable condition until we rescued them with "Kiss Me, Kate."

Now, how did our contribution to this miracle of the New Art Form come about?

Devious and intricate and thorny was the path. But after all the legal beagles got their licks in and the Dramatists Guild contract was duly signed and sealed and mislaid, we embarked on the business of writing a play within a play *cum musica*. The newest parlay in town became the triple play Shakespeare to Spewack to Porter.

IF YOU want to collaborate with Shakespeare, get two inexpensive copies of any one of his plays. Tear them out of their bindings and spread the pages on a large table or bed or floor, so that you can spot at a glance what you will retain and what you will discard. Take well-sharpened pencil, or pen that works, and so indicate.

Then with shears cut out the parts you intend using, and if you're handy with the paste-pot, paste up in sequence on ordinary copy paper. If allergic to paste or glue, use stapler. If you have no stapler, your lawyer is sure to have one.

Do not throw away discarded pages. Some wonderful ideas for songs may be among them. Or you can run up your own lampshade.

Total outlay: many, many sleepless nights and haggard days; cash $2.50.

With Porter it is a little bit different. You can't attack him with shears and paste, and you can't spread him out on the bed or the floor. If it's your own play, it's comparatively easy to get Porter to accept the idea. But if it's Shakespeare's play it takes a deal of persuasion. When we approached him with the notion of making a musical version of "The Taming of the Shrew" he whispered: "What?" At the second discussion of the same theme he told us that he had tried reading the play and had then had it read to him.

"I don't understand a word of it," he sighed.

At the third meeting we had jotted down likely song titles from Shakespeare's own lines: "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily," "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?" and "Were Thine That Special Face." Mr. Porter brightened.

"Well, let's try."

In our not at all humble opinion, Mr. Porter then wrote his finest score. The song "Were Thine That Special Face" by itself may very well live as more than a minor classic.

The process of welding book, music, and lyrics into one organic whole was not easy. Mr. Porter not only probed each characterization and motivation, but in turn asked us to do the same with his lyrics.

For example:

PORTER: Tell me about Lois Lane. She's not a bad girl, is she?

SPEWACKS: Oh, no. She's unmoral rather than immoral.

PORTER: Just what do you mean by that?

SPEWACKS: Well, Lois Lane at the age of fourteen started a career that should have landed her in the reformatory by this time.

PORTER: All the time she's really in love with Bill Calhoun the hoofer, isn't she?

SPEWACKS: Not in love, Cole. She loves him the way a mother loves a child. Mostly for his weaknesses—like his gambling and his lack of ambition—and of course she thinks he's a wonderful dancer.

PORTER: She really cares for him?

SPEWACKS: In her way, yes.

The Spewacks—"Shakespeare *à la mot*."

New scenes about Lois and Bill were sent to Porter the next day. And the next 2 A.M. the phone rang.

"Are you asleep?" asked Porter.

We were.

"Stay right where you are and listen."

Porter played and sang "Why Can't You Behave?" over the telephone, and the next day the Lois-Bill scenes were cut again and again. They became smaller and smaller in rehearsal—and never did authors care less.

One night, as we were about to leave, Porter asked if we knew who had written a poem with the line, "I have been faithful to thee . . ."

"Cynara! in my fashion," we finished for him.

We guessed Ernest Dowson or Alan Seeger, and of course it was Ernest Dowson. That poem was required quoting in the Twenties.

About a week later Porter played and sang for us "Always True to You in My Fashion." It's five years since we heard it first, but we knew then that we were destined to hear it over and over again.

THERE is evidently something in the chemical blending of our collaboration that moves Porter to his bawdiest. Both "Fashion" and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" (from "Leave It to Me") are piquant narrations of the confession school. While insisting on the essential purity of the heroine, they are case histories with a lusty twist.

Lyrically the song "Why Can't You Behave?" has tragic implications, but the scene that led to it was meant to be funny. By the time of the Philadelphia tryout the parts of Lois and Bill contained only the essentials for plot and song cues. We could afford to be ruthless in cutting our own lines, but we hated to cut Shakespeare, and we hated to cut Porter. Three songs dropped out during rehearsal, and we fought to retain at least one of them. But in the face of seventeen numbers, it was well we lost that battle. We were a long show.

Porter was in California when we airmailed him the finished draft of the book, and he wired: "The best musical comedy book I have ever read arrived this morning. Congratulations."

In addition, Porter sent Katharine's song of capitulation, "I Am Ashamed That Women Are So Simple," using the only lyrics by Shakespeare in the comedy; then, later, the lengthy, pun-

(*Continued on page* 80)

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Major Minors

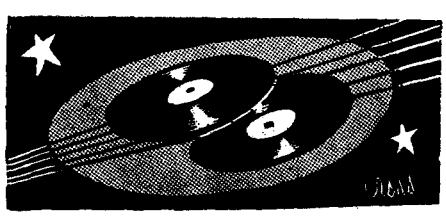
By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

ON THREE new twelve-inch LP's M-G-M and Vox-Pathé have presented listeners with a highly welcome opportunity to hear nine compositions by eight French composers born in the nineteenth century, two of them still alive and composing. No music-lover who has taste and time for nothing but the "greatest" music need bother with these records, for none of it is here. But those listeners who want to enjoy more of the gamut of musical creation than its loftiest band can approach these technically admirable records assured of many sorts of Gallic amusement, savor, and delight. The composers are Ernest Chausson ("Poème"), Paul Dukas ("La Péri"), Arthur Honegger (Concertino for Piano and Orchestra), Vincent d'Indy ("Istar" and the Prelude to Act I of "Fervaal"), Jules Massenet ("Les Erinnyes"), Darius Milhaud (Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra), Maurice Ravel ("Tzigane"), and Camille Saint-Saëns ("Suite Algérienne"). In the matter of age, then, the compositions stretch from 1872 (the Massenet) to 1934 (the Milhaud). In style they represent every important element in the French orchestral music of the intervening years except special aspects of the music of Gounod, Fauré, Debussy, and Satie.

Vox offers the two oldest of these compositions on a single record (PL-8100, $5.95): Massenet's "Les Erinnyes," played by the Orchestra of the Paris Opéra conducted by André Cluytens, and Saint-Saëns's "Suite Algérienne," by the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française under Louis Fourestier. Massenet wrote his incidental music to Leconte de Lisle's play in 1872, scoring it for the forty instruments available at the Odéon; he rescored it for full orchestra for a presentation at the Opéra in 1876—and it is the latter version which M. Cluytens re-creates with spirit and relish. The suite is made up of seven sections, of which the third—Elektra's "Invocation"—later became world-famous and hackneyed as "Massenet's Elegy." Although "Les Erinnyes" can scarcely be said to evoke the avenging violence of the Erinyes of Greek myth, it is lively Massenet, compacted of expertly handled musical ideas that are entertaining, charming, and less than profound.

Saint-Saëns's "Suite Algérienne"—including the familiar "Marche militaire française"—is played to the hilt by M. Fourestier and the Radiodiffusion orchestra. With its evocation of arrival at Algiers, of dance and music in Moorish cafés, and of melismata under oasis palms, it foretold such later travelers' impressions in sound as Ibert's "Escales" (as Harold Lawrence remarks in his excellent record notes) and Holst's strangely neglected "Beni Mora." What a deft craftsman Saint-Saëns was, and how unjustly time and criticism have dealt with his music because he was only occasionally more than a gifted and entirely professional composer! Many years have seen many improvements in recording techniques and presentation since the only complete earlier recording of the "Suite Algérienne." The new version is a major addition to the catalogue of minor music.

Proceeding to the 1890's, we encounter Vincent d'Indy's "Istar" and the Prelude to Act I of his "Fervaal" combined on a twelve-inch M-G-M record (E-3062, $4.85) with Paul Dukas' "La Péri," all in high-powered, rather jerky performances by the Westminster Orchestra of London conducted by Anatole Fistoulari. My guess is that this conductor, for all his formidable abilities, does not wholly understand this music, and therefore does not like it enough to accord it full justice. Nevertheless, it is interesting to have "Istar" and "La Péri" cheek by jowl. "Istar" is cousin germane, on the French side of the family, to Elgar's "'Enigma' Variations": in retailing the gradual stripping-away of Istar's garments as she enters the abode of the dead, it employs the theme-and-variations form in reverse, beginning with the most adorned variation and closing with the naked theme. But it makes almost no mention of the fact that it is dealing with an Oriental (Babylonian) legend. "La Péri," on the other hand, belongs in the train of French compositions attempting to create Oriental atmosphere. Both compositions make cogent musical sense without reference to their literary superscriptions, though Dukas was by no measure D'Indy's equal in ergoism. (La Péri is interrupted midway in her dance by an irritating break in sound. Poor transference from tape?) The "Fervaal" Prelude is vague, amorphous stuff, interesting only as a small sample of the foredoomed attempt—of which D'Indy and Ernest Reyer were chief protagonists—to fill Wagnerian forms with Gallicized versions of Teutonic musical moralizing and philosophizing.



NO less than four pieces for solo instrument and orchestra make up another M-G-M twelve-inch LP (E-3041, $4.85), with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London and Anatole Fistoulari taking part in them all. Elizabeth Lockhart is the undistinguished violinist in Chausson's "Poème" and the Ravel "Tzigane," in the second of which both her tone and the music suffer from her strained, uncertain technique. As an opportunity for showing off, the "Tzigane" ought to be tackled only by violinists to whom the most dizzying feats are mere means to an end; in Miss Lockhart's eager hands it becomes a difficulty all but surmounted. The Chausson "Poème" asks for lush sensuousness and a sense of restraint, both of which she also apparently lacks. I am afraid that Miss Lockhart's half of this record cannot be recommended to violinists or lovers of what they play.

Altogether better are Fabienne Jacquinot's knowing readings of Honegger's Concertino and Milhaud's fascinating Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra. Mlle. Jacquinot knows the difference between lyricism and bravado, between sweet sentiment and satire—and her piano and fleet fingers are servants of that knowledge. Curiously, the once much-played Concertino now sounds pleasurably old-fashioned for all its modern harmonies and its jazz finale, whereas the Milhaud Concerto still seems freshly minted—though the first performance of the Concertino, by Andrée Vaurabourg (Mme. Honegger), preceded that of the Milhaud by Marguerite Long by only a little less than one decade. Anatole Fistoulari sounds entirely at home in these pieces and therefore able to lend them the accurate brilliance of his conducting. The results are inspiriting and vivid, two valued entries in the rapidly expanding list of twentieth-century compositions justly transferred to LP.

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Alto Rhapsody

The lamented Kathleen Ferrier is the subject of this appreciation by John Culshaw, a recording director for Decca-London and one of Miss Ferrier's close friends. Mr. Culshaw is the author of several books on music, among them a critical biography of Sergei Rachmaninoff.

By JOHN CULSHAW

IT IS sad beyond words that Kathleen Ferrier is dead, for what has been lost is not just a great voice but an adorable person. Her death in a London hospital on Thursday, October 8, at the age of forty-one was the inevitable end of a struggle against an illness which had begun some years ago. Those who were close to her knew with what fortitude she maintained her career until February last, when she was forced to leave the Covent Garden production of Gluck's "Orpheus" after only two performances. This was the end of a career that had lasted scarcely ten years, years rich in fulfilment and reward, but still no more than a prelude to what might have been.

The story of her rise to a fame so tragically brief is a romantic one, the story of a schoolmaster's daughter who was for nine years a telephonist in a Lancashire post office and whose first interest in music was the piano, which she played well enough to win prizes in local festivals. Nobody, and least of all Kathleen Ferrier herself, seemed to realize that she had a voice of unique quality until—for nothing more serious than a wager—she entered a singing competition at the Carlisle Festival in 1937 and won with honors. Then began a long period of study first in the north of England and later in London with Roy Henderson. She made her London debut in a performance of "Messiah" in Westminster Abbey during 1943.

At first she concentrated on oratorio; and no one ever sang the angels' music in Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" with such perfection. In 1946 she turned to opera, taking the leading role in the Glyndebourne production of Benjamin Britten's "Rape of Lucretia"; in 1947, at the same theatre, she sang Gluck's "Orpheus." It was at the first Edinburgh Festival that she began her famous association with Bruno Walter, who acclaimed her as one of the greatest singers of all time, conducted her in so many fine performances of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" and accompanied her at the piano in those lieder recitals which soon took their place among the most treasured events in postwar musical life. Edinburgh was followed by New York, Vienna, Amsterdam, Salzburg, and Milan. In less than five years from the time of her London debut Kathleen Ferrier had been heard in all the major concert halls of the Western world, while she herself became one of the most beloved artists of our time.

Beloved is the word. Beloved by audiences for the incomparable beauty of her voice, whose richness had none of that turgid quality which limits so many contraltos; and by those who knew her for her unforgettable self. She approached music with that humility and quest for understanding which together make for greatness in an artist.

Her records remain for posterity. Would that there had been more! As late as last May there was hope that she might be well enough to record again. At least, we have for all time her records of "Das Lied von der Erde" and "Kindertotenlieder," both conducted by Bruno Walter. We have some of the folk music she so loved to sing. We have a handful of lieder, Brahms's "Alto Rhapsody," and music from several oratorios and cantatas. Collectors who can find them will now cherish those fragments she made from the 1947 Glyndebourne production of "Orpheus."

She was a joy to work with in the recording studio. Her last record was made in London almost exactly a year ago, when with Sir Adrian Boult and the London Philharmonic she sang a group of Bach and Handel arias. If I had to choose one thing by which to remember her, I would choose her singing of "He Was Despised" from this collection. At work she was always ready with a smile or a story in the Lancashire dialect she knew and imitated so well, and she was equally ready to comply with those technical requests which go towards the making of a good record. "I sing better," she once said to me after a sublime performance of a Bach aria, "with my shoes off."

But there was more than this to Kathleen. Beneath her humor and natural charm lay that rare thing: an innate musicianship brought to perfection through training and intelligence. Her humanity made her great both as an artist and as a person.

Ferrier—"quest for understanding."

Conductors and accompanists loved to work with her; composers were drawn to write for so wonderful a voice. Hardly more than a year before her death she sang a brilliant, taxing concert scena which Sir Arthur Bliss dedicated to her. In her last year she received the double honor of the C.B.E. and the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society.

Success came to her in its most dangerous form, suddenly and unexpectedly; but neither the acclaim nor the material rewards altered her lovable character, whose nobility was reflected in everything she did and in every note she sang. In a musical world that is sick with petty jealousies Kathleen stood out as a symbol of all that is best in human nature. I never heard anyone, not even another artist, speak badly of her. She moved among us for all too brief a period, but what she has left is not just the echo of a great voice. It is the memory of a great person, a woman who at her death still bore the freshness of youth and whose name will be cherished through the years she might have known. There is still hope for a world which can produce and recognize a woman like Kathleen, even if in the hour of tragedy it cannot save her.

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Recordings in Review

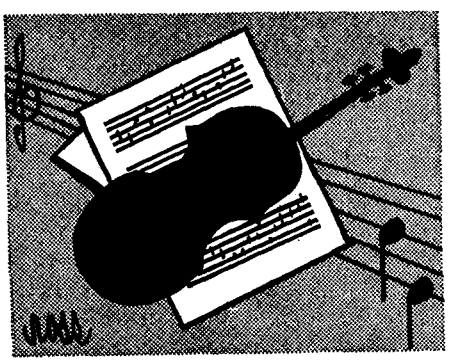
Bountiful Ravel

RAVEL: *"Valses nobles et sentimentales"; "Le Tombeau de Couperin." Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* (London LL 795, $5.95.)

WERE there any doubts that the redoubtable technicians of London were capable of keeping their FFRR banner flying at the head of the hi-fi parade, this disc should dispel them. For it is a veritable cascade of sound that Ansermet has touched off in his ennobling treatment of the "Valses nobles," and it comes to the ear with every stray bit of spray in its appointed place. One thinks almost automatically of images having to do with water, for London's technique here seems to have washed away part of the haze between the listener and even the best recorded sound, adding clarity and brilliance without sacrificing the mellowness which one associates with FFRR.

To be sure, this is a work that lends itself well to the present purposes, having a wonderfully rich and ingenious texture, a plenitude of detail both high and low, and a tightly organized middle range binding them together. What is of the first importance, however, is that Ansermet has not forgotten to make music of all the details, in a sequence that is as satisfying to the mind as it is stimulating to the ear. As for the orchestra, its qualities have never been shown to better advantage than in "Le Tombeau de Couperin." The oboe, flute, and clarinets in the "Forlane" have a crispness and precision we have been accustomed to associating only with the Philadelphia of present-day orchestras, or the Boston of Koussevitzky days among bygone ones.

To be sure, much depends on what a conductor wants his men to make of such a piece of music, and Ansermet has a more refined, probing sense of this suite than any interpreter known to me. Reiner's version is skilful enough, but the imagery and fantasy of Ansermet's accomplishment are not in it. For that matter, there are not many records in which they are.



Epical Uninsky

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto in B flat minor. Alexander Uninsky, piano, with the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Willem Van Otterloo.* (Epic LC 3010, $5.95.)

TO JUDGE from its success with this and other works of Tchaikovsky (see page 62), the Philips engineers responsible for the brightly buoyant, uncommonly resonant sound should stay in Holland and make the whole Tchaikovsky literature before going on to other things. (Assuming, of course, that it is inevitable that another catalogue of "standards" is inescapable.) Just what procedures are involved I have not yet been able to analyze, and Columbia (which is processing them) is not volunteering any information—save of the advertising variety. Whether "radial," "elliptical," or just pear-shaped, these are tones worth hearing.

For one thing, the recording was made either in the Concertgebouw or in a comparable building in the Hague, and from the time of Mengelberg's famous "hall" recordings of the Thirties that area has been a boon to the recording engineers. London's style of recording the Concertgebouw Orchestra there with Van Beinum (and others) tended toward other objectives than the massive effects of these new productions. My best description of the sound would be to liken it to a blow-up of a picture taken at a distance. The total sound is decidedly pleasant—in the *tuttis* too, loud as they are—but details preserve their place, with natural *crescendi* rather than the monitored kind too common on records. Whatever it is that Philips has added to the lore of sound reproduction, it is worth the attention of other makers.

It is good to see a pianist of Uninsky's undoubted capabilities receiving an opportunity of this sort, and doing so much with it. He has power in abundance, an interesting style, phrases musically, and altogether points the beauty of the work without vulgarizing its exhibitionistic aspect. Van Otterloo contributes vigorous leadership to the fast movements and a nice sense of mood to the Andantino. Mention should be made of the elaborate annotations (with musical quotations) by Klaus George Roy. How useful this is to the average record buyer I have no way of knowing, but the job has been well done.

Parallel Fifths

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5. Eugen Jochum conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Epic LC 3002, $5.95.) *The same, plus "Egmont," "Coriolanus," and "Leonore No. 3" Overtures. Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.* (Mercury MG 50017, $5.95.)

THE SPIRIT of free enterprise has never been more freely exercised than in these examples of pointless duplication of the repertory. Jochum and Dorati are each respectable members of the musical bench in their own ways, but it is hardly credible that either would have been called upon to give us an "opinion" in pre-tape, pre-LP days on the tersest masterpiece in the literature. However, both Mercury and Columbia, on behalf of its new Epic label, are engaged in creating a "catalogue," which means another round of Brahms Firsts and Tchaikovsky "Pathétiques" and Dvorak "New Worlds," as well as Beethoven Fifths.

Because Mercury has attracted attention with its high-fidelity procedures, Dorati is more or less obliged to produce "arousing" effects in a work which is much too austere and dramatic in its own way to need such embellishment. In consequence, the first movement becomes a kind of concerto for kettle drum, and the double basses in the Scherzo are more conspicuous for what they are doing than how it is being done. Perhaps there is a school of Beethoven enthusiasts to which such treatment of the symphony and the three great overtures (on side two) will appeal, but I do not happen to be an alumnus of it.

The approach of the Philips engineers who recorded the Jochum performance is somewhat similar, save that here it is the whole orchestra that is oversized and distended. There are some works in which such magnification can be tolerated if not encouraged (see above) but the Beethoven No. 5 is not one of them. Also it is hardly sound commercial procedure to ask "import" prices for a rather coarse, overemphasized performance by Jochum spaced over two sides when RCA offers (for less) its Toscanini version in a coupling with the Symphony No. 8 and Mercury at

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David Lloyd—"a natural choice"

least provides full economic measure in its offering.

New England Cookery

BRITTEN: *"Serenade," Opus 31; "Folk Songs of the British Isles." David Lloyd, tenor, Marguerite Willauer, soprano, and James Stagliano, horn, with Richard Burgin conducting a string orchestra.* (Boston Records B-205, $5.95.)

AS MOST musical people are aware, Richard Burgin is a longtime adornment of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Fewer, of course, could identify James Stagliano as a recent addition to its French horn section. But in addition to pursuing that career, Stagliano is also the producer of Boston Records, which comes of age here with a finely prepared, soundly engineered version of the Britten "Serenade."

Ever since Lloyd performed this work in New York last winter with the touring Boyd Neel Orchestra he has seemed a natural choice for its first LP version (the celebrated 78-rpm on London by Peter Pears has not been available for some time). It is a stroke of good fortune that he has made it in the company of such an excellent hornist as Stagliano and such a sympathetic conductor as Burgin. In addition to performing beautifully, Stagliano had a hand in supervising the sound. As a species of regional cooking, it shows what can be done with limited resources if discrimination is in good supply.

I am not equally enthusiastic about all the sections of the work, but much of it strikes me as belonging to the most beautiful music Britten has written. That applies especially to the opening "Pastoral" (by Charles Cotton) and the "Nocturne" (based on Tennyson's "The splendor falls on castle walls"). Lloyd is a particularly understanding interpreter of the Keats sonnet ("O soft embalmer of the still midnight").

Lloyd's excellence in the second-side selection of folk-song settings is unfortunately marred by the participation of Marguerite Willauer, soprano, who is hardly in his class as a singer. She has a pretty enough voice and sings intelligently, but suitable control is lacking, especially in the matter of intonation. However, this untoward happening is reserved for the latter part of the disc, and one can enjoy Lloyd's artful singing of "The Sally Gardens," "Little Sir William," "The Tree Grows So High," and "The Ash Grove" before it occurs. Wolfgang Schanzer is the helpful pianist.

Full-Length "Portraits"

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *"Five Tudor Portraits." Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano, and Robert B. Anderson, bass-baritone, with William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra and the Mendelssohn Choir.* (Capitol P-8218, $4.98.)

THOUGH this work dates from the Norwich Festival of 1936, it has scant history of public performance and no recording that I can trace prior to this. The reason is evident enough; it is a work of formidable proportions to rehearse and to present in concert, considering the chorus required to deliver the rhythmically intricate, far from easily singable setting of the John Skelton texts, and the soloists closely integrated with them.

However, the work will repay the close attention required to come abreast of it. Skelton, as English majors should know (I found it out from the commentary on the record jacket) was England's first Poet Laureate (1460-1529), a master at inventing intricate rhyme schemes, linguistically tricky patterns that have a music all their own. Nevertheless, Vaughan Williams has managed to find for "The Tunning of Elinor Rumming," "Pretty Bess," "Epitaph on John Jayberd of Diss," "Jane Scroop," and "Jolly Jutterkin" a remarkably suggestive speech. Part cantata, part tone poem, sometimes with one solo voice, then the other singing forth the words to vary the pattern, it makes an aural impression all its own.

Capitol should be congratulated on its enterprise in extracting this tape from the Pittsburgh International Contemporary Music Festival it recorded last November for distribution to colleges, music schools, etc. I heard only one recognizable cough to identify it as an "actual performance" recording, no factor at all to weigh against the energy Steinberg contributes to the performance itself, the excellent playing of the orchestra, and the first-class work of all the vocalists—solo and choral alike. It is improbable that we would have a version of this produced for records only, and considering the quality of the clear, somewhat thin (typically Syria Mosque) sound, now unnecessary.

Scriabin's Fire and Ecstasy

SCRIABIN: *"Prometheus" and "Le Poème d'Extase." Dimitri Mitropoulos, with Leonid Hambro, pianist, William Vacchiano, trumpet, and the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4731, $5.45.)

LET it be said for Scriabin that his role in music is, at least, unique. For it is hard to think of another composer who accomplished the prodigies of invention and eloquence that mark many of his piano works and fell so short of his own aspirations in the longer works for orchestra. Listening anew to "Prometheus" and "Le Poème d'Extase," one can only think of an inverted pyramid, delicately balanced on its point, threatening at any moment to topple over for the lack of foundation to support its own weight.

Of the two, I am more partial to "Prometheus" (known also as "The Poem of Fire"), possibly because it contains a conspicuous part for the piano, played here with artistry and understanding by Leonid Hambro. However, the composer tended to forget about it as the pyramid gathered layers. As for "The Poem of Ecstasy," it offers all the elements of music—rhythm, melodic line, harmonic color—without persuading us that it possesses the one element that gives music meaning: design.

Both performances exemplify Mitropoulos's best qualities, though a richer kind of sound than he prefers might conceivably do more for that aspect of the composer's purpose. However, there is an impressive spaciousness in the conceptions, fine detail in the organization of the performance, and an obviously unshakable faith in the worth of the music. The sound is typical of Columbia's Thirtieth Street studio, with definition more conspicuous than enveloping warmth of sound.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albéniz-Arbós: "Iberia," etc. Gaston Poulet conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. MGM E-3073, $4.85.	A more atmospheric performance of the Arbós arrangement than the recent one of Sebastian (Urania) and certainly as notable a reproduction. The second side offers such additional matter as Turina's "Procesión del Rocío," the Intermezzo from Granados's "Goyescas," and the "Interlude" and "Danza" from Falla's "Vida Breve," all conducted with verve by Poulet, a conductor whose talents should be cultivated by the record makers.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 3. Jose Iturbi, piano, also conducting the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1759, $5.72.	Rather fussy, overflourishy performance by Iturbi as pianist, and not sufficiently incisive work by Iturbi as conductor. Iturbi overstresses trills, inflates dynamics, and otherwise plays the work for pianistic rather than musical values. The second movement has excellent orchestral detail and the finale approaches the kind of vitality that would be welcome throughout. Dullish piano sound.
Castelnuovo-Tedesco: Concerto. Andrés Segovia, guitar, with Alec Sherman conducting the New London Orchestra. Columbia ML 4732, $5.45.	A work of 1939 almost predestined for phonographic use, considering the enhanced sonority for the solo instrument that amplification provides. Light, fanciful writing, and beautifully performed. The second side offers two studies by Villa-Lobos, and works of Turina, Torroba, and Ponce arranged by the performer. An excellent disc in every way.
Chopin: Sonata in B minor (Opus 58), etc. Dinu Lipatti, piano. Columbia ML 4721, $5.45.	The bottom of the Lipatti barrel, as far as Columbia is concerned, and a reissue of a version of the sonata that sounds poorer now than it did on 78 rpm. However, several of the shorter pieces are stunningly played, especially the Barcarolle (Opus 60) and the D flat Nocturne of Opus 27, in which this artist's singular feeling for tone and nuance is unmistakably evident.
Falla: Complete Piano Works. Jose Echaniz, piano. Westminster WL 5218, $5.95.	However inclusive this description seems, the ten pieces are short enough to leave room on the second side for half a dozen arrangements of portions of Falla's ballet scores. Echaniz's lively feeling for the style, and the melodic flavor of the "Aragonesa," "Cubana," and "Andaluza," are the elements of a diverting record, with the "Fantasia Beatica" momentarily providing interest of a more absorbing sort. Good, clear piano sound.
Franck: Quintet in F minor. Victor Aller, piano, with the Hollywood String Quartet. Capitol P-8220, $4.98.	Sympathetic interpretation, assuming one can abide the repetitious trend of Franck's thought or his reminiscence of ideas embodied in the symphony, violin and piano sonata, etc. The string tone is more wiry than I prefer, but the balance of piano with the quartet is a model for this sort of thing.
Khachaturian: "Gayne" and "Masquerade" Suites. Fabien Sevitzky conducting the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. Capitol P-8223, $4.98.	A new sequence arranged by Sevitzky from the two "Gayne" Suites, designed, if I interpret the jacket annotation correctly, to make the interest more consistent rather than being concentrated on the "Sabre Dance." However, that is bound to come sooner or later, and the usual shambles ensues. Excellent orchestral color throughout, in a close-up style.
Mussorgsky: "Pictures at an Exhibition." Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 4700, $5.45.	Columbia's 700th twelve-inch LP is a rouser, to be sure, with the "Pictures" paired with Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu." The intent, clearly, is to outsound previous versions of both, but I find more musical substance in the Kubelik-Chicago (Mercury), less conscious effort to dazzle. The Stravinsky comes closer to achieving its purpose, though as a conception Ansermet's (London) is more to my taste.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2. Edith Farnadi, piano, with Hermann Scherchen conducting. Westminster WL 5193, $5.95.	Were there no enduring evidence of how the composer wanted his music performed, there might be a justification for Scherchen's excessively slow opening tempo, the tendency to ritard the ritards. Some of it even makes a kind of massively sentimental effect, merely proving what a durable work Rachmaninoff created. Farnadi does her work splendidly, and the recording adds luster to Westminster's reputation for making music, rather than sound, the focus of its endeavor.
Schumann: Concerto in A minor. Wilhelm Kempff, piano, with Josef Krips conducting. London LL 781, $5.95.	There is nothing here to shake one's devotion to the freshness and spirit of the Lipatti version (Columbia), but it is certainly a fuller-length likeness, so to speak, of the thing Schumann created. (It should be remembered that the Lipatti disc offers the Greig Concerto as a substantial second side bonus.) Kempff is in every way authoritative, but the mood is definitely retrospective—which the music scarcely is.
Schumann: "Carnival at Vienna." Robert Weisz, piano. London LL 798, $5.95.	Weisz is a talented member of the younger piano-playing set, and much of what he does here is worthy of encouragement. It is not, however, one of Schumann's strongest works, requiring a kind of variety in tone and accent that Weisz does not provide. In consequence, the listener's attention is not retained. The Brahms Waltzs (Opus 39) are well-played on side two.
Schumann: Concerto in A minor. Joseph Schuster, cello, with Franz Waxman conducting. Capitol P-8232, $4.98.	A skilful performance by Schuster here is inhibited by a kind of dead, studio-sounding reproduction which is hardly what is expected by today's standards of sound. The lack of resonance is especially noticeable in the ensemble passages. The second side offers the Bruch "Kol Nidrei" and a transcription by Henri Casadesus of a concerto in C minor attributed to Johann Christian Bach. All the accompaniments are credited to the Los Angeles Orchestral Society.
Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet" Overture; "1812" Overture; "Capriccio Italien." Paul Van Kempen conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. LC 3008, $5.95.	Whether or not you believe there is such a thing as "radial sound" (see page 58) you have to recognize in this, and the other discs included in this first release on the Epic label, something newly, vitally contributive to the unfolding science of sound reproduction. I know that Van Kempen isn't as good a conductor as these records make him sound, which means that some new engineering magic has been employed to toy with our senses. What you hear, in the end, is not a particularly elevated or subtle or perhaps even honest way of playing Tchaikovsky, but an amazing sense of actuality. Extremely proficient performance, with remarkable detail.
Wagner: "Tannhäuser" and "Flying Dutchman" Overtures, "Ride of the Valkyries." Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL 800, $5.95.	Broadly spacious performances, but with ample dramatic impact where desirable. Superb execution by the Vienna players, especially in the "Venusberg" music from "Tannhäuser" (the Paris form of the overture is utilized) where the solo strings are all they should be. Knappertsbusch cannot match the special exhilaration that Toscanini generates in Wagner (who can?) but this is, by any reasonable standard, exceptional interpretative art.

—Irving Kolodin.

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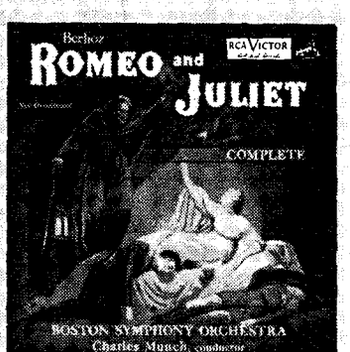

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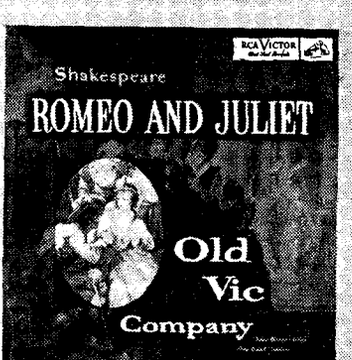

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The "Rake" and Stray Leaves

WHAT determines operatic survival is an interesting side-consideration of several current issues, of which Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" (Columbia SL 125, $17.33) is currently contesting for it, whereas Massenet's "Werther" (Urania URLP 233, $18.50) and Thomas' "Mignon" (London LLA 15, $17.85) have long since retired to the category of works which have not survived but may be revived. The best that may be forecast for the "Rake," it seems to me, is an occasional revival for the considerable, if intermittent, amount of musical beauty it contains, its completely characteristic ingenuities, and its many happy strokes of color. But the latest listening, in the newest form, does not contravene the judgment of live performances in New York and Edinburgh that it is essentially an artificial work which rebuffs as often as it invites and never engages any faculties except the outer ear.

As spokesman on his own behalf, Stravinsky the conductor is typically meticulous and not too outspoken. His insistence on rhythmic accuracy gives a lift to some passages (especially the choral music in Mother Goose's pleasure palace) and the tempi throughout seem to flow naturally from the words and action. However, the composer warns us in a prefatory note not to regard them as finally authoritative, since stage action would call for some alteration. Crispness rather than warmth is the characteristic of the recorded sound, and the voices are consistently more prominent than the best balance with the orchestra would decree. By following a score (no text is included) I got to hear more of the words than in any public performance. I can't say that the consequence was an increased esteem for the Auden-Kallman libretto.

The cast is the one heard at the Metropolitan, and productive of a beautifully articulated Shadow by Mack Harrell, an artistic but sometimes word-muffled Anne by Hilde Gueden, and a nasal Rakewell by Eugene Conley. (He is earnest and oh so prosaic.) As for Blanche Thebom, she could hardly have been in proper voice when this recording was made, for her sound is not focused as she can control it at her best, and the characterization lacks the pungence it had in the theatre. Paul Franke is remarkably fine as the Auctioneer, and Martha Lipton does what is necessary as Mother Goose just as Norman Scott does as Trulove.

Columbia has stinted nothing in making this issue of "The Rake's Progress" as representative as the stature of the composer merits (a harpsichord is used for the continuo, with particular effect in the Graveyard Scene). The choral work is excellent, with shiny sibilants that attest to the effort expended to make the text intelligible. Withal, however, goes a sense of the stilted and the artificial that diminish, rather than intensify, interest with closer acquaintance. It merits study, certainly; but it doesn't finally take shape as a consecutive experience.

FOR something like half its length "Werther" shows understandable reasons for neglect in non-French theatres; but it inverts the tendency of most less than successful works by increasing steadily in interest and power from the middle of Act II through Acts III and IV. Such famous episodes as Charlotte's "Letter Scene" and Werther's "Pourquoi me réveiller" are stunning in their dramatic context, though the pages by which they are reached are sometimes tedious—especially without stage action.

Here, of course, is where theatrical magic plays its part. With a suitable Charlotte or a believable Werther much could be made of what is, in the mere sound, less than winning. These are, after all, in a literal sense words and sequences that are meant to be acted upon, and Suzanne Juyol is too much occupied with the problem of solving the musical problems of her role to concern herself with niceties of dramatic projection. Hers is not a major voice or a decisive personality, but she manages creditably enough. Likewise Charles Richard as Werther. He pumps his way to the top B's, but the effort involved is always much too evident. Agnes Leger is a limited Sophie. George Sebastian may be commended for the vigor he imparts to Massenet's score, which has less immediate appeal than "Manon" but eventually confronts more fundamental emotions than that always entertaining score. Urania has made much of the opportunities it presents for powerful sound effects in a recording that is one of its best.

AS fairly recent Metropolitan history has demonstrated, you have a "Mignon" if you have a Bori, a Pinza, a Gigli, and a Swarthout, or a Stevens and Di Stefano at their best. The question of whether Thomas did right by Goethe in his treatment of "Wilhelm Meister" is no more germane than the relation of Massenet to the "Sorrows of Werther," the distance from the original in both cases being so great. But it is important to know how the singers have honored their obligation to the composer.

Were this the product of a minor label, one could understand the erratic quality of singing as a by-product of haste or insufficient preparation. But it does not add anything to the good name of London to have Libero de Luca sing as badly as he does almost throughout, or for Geneviève Moizan to be as unreliable as she is, or for Janine Micheau to be as shrill as she is, or for the concept of a stage "illusion" to alter the sound picture as voices fade from microphone range or never come into it. In entering some objections to the influence of Max de Rieux, as artistic director, on the London "Manon" (he was also the "narrator" whose voice came and went over the music) I was reminded by a correspondent that he is a distinguished figure in French musical life and deserved more respectful treatment. We are, of course, concerned only with his effect on the recorded experience, and it is only the absence of a spoken text that makes it more tolerable here than it was in the earlier "Manon."

Where the recording engineers have had proper opportunity to do their work, this has the usual London gloss and competence, beginning with a well-sounding version of the Overture with Sebastian once more the conductor, this time with the orchestra and chorus of the Monnaie in Brussels. But there are too many counter forces at work for even the most skilled technicians to transcend. We suggest that M. De Rieux (who is apparently anti-"Gavotte" inasmuch as the one of this work is omitted as the one of "Manon" was) be given a long leave of absence for urgent work at the Opéra-Comique while London proceeds with its program of French operas under less "authoritative" but more disc-minded direction.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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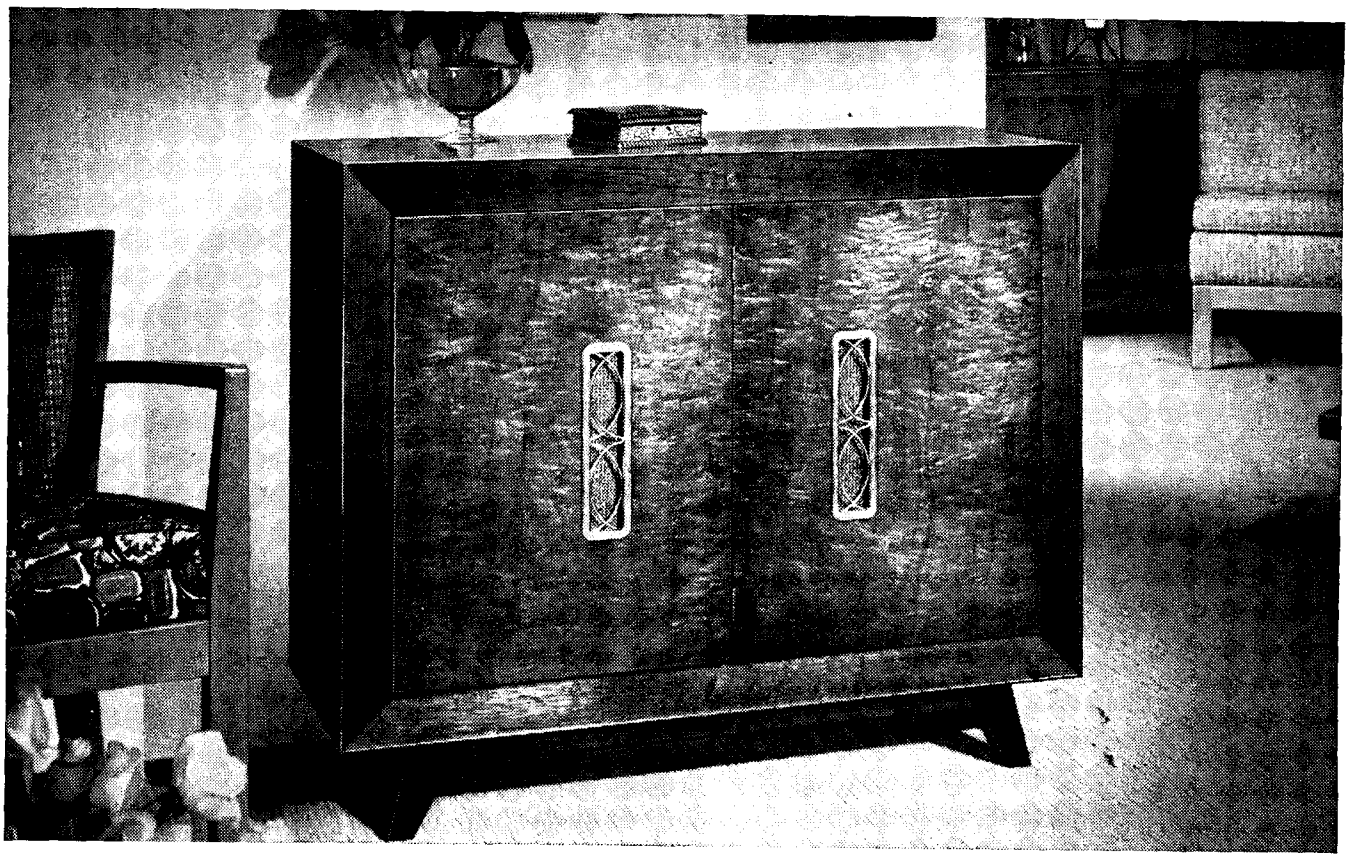

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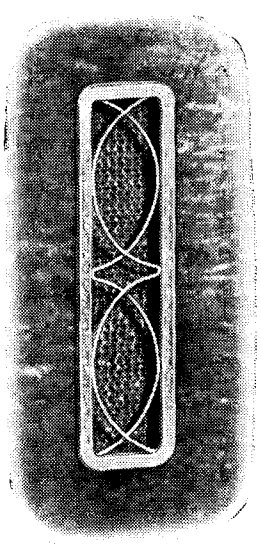

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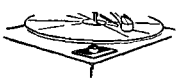

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Florid and Fancy Jazz

THE vices of the arts repeat themselves from style to style, from generation to generation, as do the vices of humanity. And it is tempting for anyone who is so presumptuous as to talk in public about the arts to keep calling attention to these bad habits, for the simple reason that they always threaten to swamp, if not drive out, the good. I have two in mind at this moment. The first is the sin of embellishment for the sake of sheer fanciness. Now I confess to a great love of the richly ornate, just as I do to an affection for the simple. What I cannot abide is an arabesque introduced because, consciously or subconsciously, the artist cannot rest content with a blank space—or, in the case of music, a silence. It cannot be too often stated that some of the finest effects in the visual arts (*cf.* especially Oriental painting) are obtained by the judicious use of emptiness, while great and imposing musical eloquence obviously often hinges on the *tacet*.

To come down to cases in jazz. I have been listening to a number of records by Oscar Peterson, one of the ablest and most florid of modern jazz pianists. Here is a fellow who can really play a lot of notes. But I find that in his slower numbers Mr. Peterson has a regrettable tendency to pad out natural phrase endings with any garniture which comes to his agile hand. This business not only isn't functional; it hasn't much character as ornament; it is a nuisance and a bore.

I go into this at length because Peterson is a remarkable artist. In the moderate-to-fast tempi he is able to build up a syncopated momentum which is wholly structural, subtle, and delightful. I have had great pleasure from his "Begin the Beguine" (Clef 89077), "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm" (Clef 89078), and "Cottontail" (Clef 89079). These themes are treated to a glittering, propulsive pianism, and I only wish that in the andante or adagio mood Mr. Peterson would cut the ornament and allow us more of his admirable accompanists: Barney Kessel, guitar, and Ray Brown, bass.

The other musical vice I wish to emphasize here is stylistic miscalculation. Thus, one would scarcely wish to hear the "Queen Mab" Scherzo arranged for brass band, unless all-out laughter were in order, nor would it be particularly imposing to have "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" rendered on the nose flute. Well, one of the most brilliant of modern jazz saxophonists is Charles "Yardbird" Parker, who belongs, and has usually been found, in small ensembles dedicated to expanding the traditional jazz language in directions of considerable melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic sophistication. And what is he up to this month? He is dressing up the efforts of a loud mixed chorus in versions of Cole Porter's "In the Still of the Night," a most agreeable number if treated with discretion, and a ghastly opus called "Old Folks," which seems to be the nickname of a gaffer so afflicted with senile *politesse* that he will not even confess whether he fought for the Blue or the Gray. It is respectfully suggested to the makers of this record (Mercury 11100) that they are passing up a chance in not having "Yardbird" explore the possibilities of "A Night on Bald Mountain" or Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

I TURN eagerly to areas where style is no problem. Last June, on the occasion of the Ford Fiftieth Anniversary television show, Ethel Merman and Mary Martin got together for twelve minutes of singing which was sensational at the time, and certainly deserved to be in the light of the recording of the session (Decca DU 999). Each of these ladies is so special and resplendent in her own right that she seems isolated. Put them together and you realize that you have a pair of walloping troupers. From this disc, arranged and conducted by Jay Blackton, I would merely mention Miss Merman's lung power in "There's No Business Like Show Business" and "The Sheik of Araby," plus the duet work in "I Get a Kick Out of You" and "Tea for Two."

But there are many treats here, and Mr. Blackton has utilized to piquant effect the fact that certain tunes may, unexpectedly, be sung together. I declare, I got quite sentimentally worked up at hearing the Merman-Martin combo—and that without benefit of television screen. These are women, and they are national powers, and they do not presume on the fact—they get right in and bear down.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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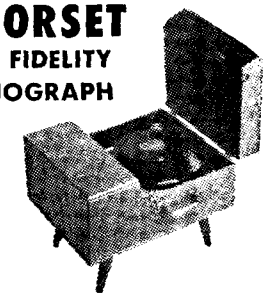

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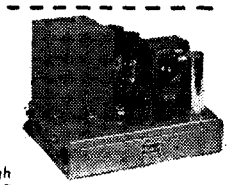

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"Fair" Enough

"COVERING" the New York Audio Fair, which spread itself over four floors in the Hotel New Yorker in mid-October, is obviously impossible in a paragraph, a page, or even several. The impressions it conveyed will be the subject of much thought and evaluation for months to come.

However, a series of notes on the backs of sundry envelopes attest to the strongest impacts. Among complete units, honor is owing to Crosley for producing a notable work of preassembly which challenges comparison with the best component combinations. Utilizing one cabinet for pickup-changer, radio tuner, etc., and another for the speaker enclosure, it puts a powerful endorsement on this fundamental audio principle. First-class sound, available in a variety of cabinets. RCA has a similar product at a little more money ($1,000 against $900) ending up with its Olson speaker, one of the best the market offers.

Among components—starting at the top, so to speak—there was considerable interest in the ceramic cartridges (Electro-Voice and Sonotone both showed them). If they bear out the superficial impression, they could make pre-amps unnecessary. GE showed new versions of its cartridge, as did Pickering, and the Ferranti arm showed virtues to invite closer acquaintance. The Garrard turntable turned up, and around, in both the Crosley and RCA assemblies, also in an improved version sponsored by the American distributors.

Those ancient competitors in the high-quality amplifier field, H. H. Scott and Avery Fisher, squared off for a new round of competition. Who wins, it is too early to say, but the consumer can't lose, since Scott is putting excellent value into a versatile unit at $99, while Fisher has made available an excellent control element (providing compensation for practically all usual curves) at $29.95. Both are continuing efforts to produce the best of possible amplifiers (naturally, at higher rates).

However, the biggest, brightest thought of all was to be found in the exhibit of the Stephens Manufacturing Company of Los Angeles. Following the designs of Oliver Read, editor of *Radio and Television News*, Stephens is showing a mammoth enclosure (the size, nearly, of a goodly refrigerator!) embodying three favorite but usually exclusive kinds of enclosures: bass reflex, back loading, and infinite baffle.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Here is a wonderfully clear, basic guide for people who "like music, but don't know anything (or very much — or enough) about it." Mr. Darrell (editor of the first edition of the *Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music* and of *Schirmer's Guide to Books on Music and Musicians*) will help you select the best LP recordings, find more music you will like, enjoy new kinds of music, increase your understanding, and expand your musical horizon.

There is nothing technical in this lively, highly readable book. Its plan is simple. Moving, in each chapter, from the general to the particular, Mr. Darrell mentions hundreds of compositions. No recordings are discussed in the text itself, but the last thirty-seven pages of the books are an index-discography listing one recommended LP recording of every composition mentioned.

Darrell's belief is that a love for music, a love for particular sorts of music, a love for special composers and pieces, are personal matters. He constantly urges the reader to develop an informed taste of his own — and then to have complete confidence in it.

$2.75 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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Magellan Feast

THESE pages have carried my complaints about various recordings of Handel so many times that I am honestly delighted to review here two releases that seem to me, without qualification, perfect. In a superbly performed and exquisitely recorded set of four twelve-inch LP's (Decca DX-12, $23.40), Fritz Lehmann conducts the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra in Handel's Twelve Grand Concertos, Opus 6. Nowhere at any time have I heard them played so close to what I imagine Handel's conception of them must have been. And what wonderful, endlessly fascinating works they are! Lehmann conducts them with the insight of true love; the Bamberg orchestra makes lovely sounds that are never out of proportion; the solo violinists, cellist, and harpischordist are superior and in the vein; and Deutsche Grammophon, which made the recording in Europe, proves that the Germans have not lagged behind anyone in the evolution of musically oriented fidelity (which seems to me more valuable than all attempts to turn my living room into an unimaginable concert hall). A salute, finally, is due to Joseph Braunstein, whose album notes are comprehensive and helpful.

Equally admirable as a recording is that of Handel's "Royal Fireworks Music" on another Decca twelve-inch LP (DL-9696, $5.85), with Fritz Lehmann conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Ranging from the brass-illuminated pomp of the Overture to the celebration of "La Réjouissance," this is one of Handel's most immediately engaging works, quite the equal of the more familiar "Water Music." Again Deutsche Grammophon has given us rich, well-modulated sound.

In L. Frank Baum's enchanted children's book entitled "Sky Island," a wicked ruler punished his enemies by slicing them in half from head to toe and then mismating the halves. Similarly though probably not in sadistic malice, Decca has combined the "Royal Fireworks Music" with one more recording of Schubert's Symphony No. 8, with Lehmann again leading the Berlin Philharmonic. The "Unfinished" is great music, and it is here performed and recorded well. But what is it doing here—or what is Handel doing with it? Surely a better-chosen companion for either piece could have been found (why not Handel for Handel or Schubert for Schubert?).

For Handelians, however, the news, at long last, is great.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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"Blue-trout-and-black-truffles" (and musician) Joseph Wechsberg, reporting the Vienna Festival for the New York Herald Tribune last July, hailed Herbert von Karajan as "perhaps the greatest European conductor". 1st Angel releases include the Beethoven Eroica and Seventh, the Brahms First and Second . . . and such whipped-cream as a Tchaikovsky "Sleeping Beauty" and "Swan Lake" album in which, wrote England's *Gramophone* magazine in September, "Karajan certainly achieves what Mr. Sackville-West has called the 'sables-and-diamonds effect'. Magnificent recording". *Coming*, with Karajan, the Bach B minor Mass.

In the champagne manner. "The Merry Widow" with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Erich Kunz and Nicolai Gedda. "I found the recording a constant delight," wrote critic Ernest Newman (And hear Schwarzkopf, too, with Edwin Fischer in a Schubert Lieder Album in the great tradition) . . . And straight from the Paris Opéra Comique, Ravel's brilliant "L'Heure Espagnole", with Denise Duval, and André Cluytens conducting (illustrated French libretto and new translation by author Francis Steegmuller).

The Old Vic production of T. S. Eliot's modern masterpiece with Robert Donat making his recording debut as Archbishop Thomas Becket, directed by Robert Helpmann. "*Now is the meaning plain*" . . . *Coming*, "The Importance of Being Earnest", with John Gielgud, Roland Culver, Dame Edith Evans, Pamela Brown, Celia Johnson.

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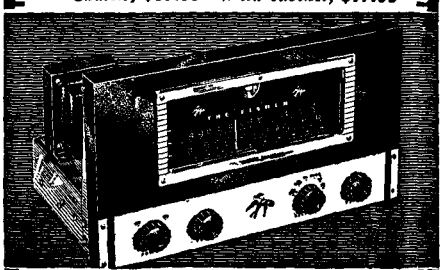

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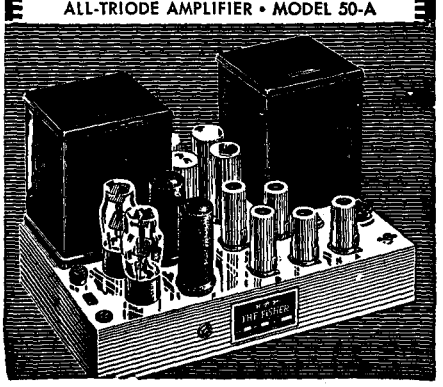

THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

C. G. BURKE, in his admirable survey "Five Years of LP" [*SR* Sept. 26], asked readers to cast their minds back to the days before June 1948, so that they might comprehend the contrast between then and now. We in Britain only have to go back three years, yet such is the volume of music that has flowed under the stylus since 1950 that it seems more like three decades. In this country few of those who now accept LP as a matter of course realize the great debt they owe to American Columbia. Here Decca has had more than its share of the glory—and no one can deny the exhilaration of its "David versus Goliath" stand—but Decca must have known by 1950 that LP could not be denied in the long run. If we are looking for a yardstick that will give us the measure of Columbia's farsightedness and courage, we need only compare its boldness with the almost pathological caution displayed by its English namesake and her associates. All glory, then, to the pioneers, even though they will yet make paupers of us all (or, if we are reviewers, rob us of our needed sleep).

Burke was, of course, absolutely right when he pointed out that the discophile of 1953 must be partly an engineer, but this applies even more strongly to the ever-increasing race of record critics. Unfortunately, the average music critic who, besides his nightly excursions into concert hall and opera house, also finds time to write about records tends to have less patience with a set of control knobs than our discophile and, since he is rarely affluent enough to keep a tame engineer as a household pet, his judgments are not infrequently such as to make the manufacturer of first-class recordings tear his hair. As one who happens to be half a critic and half an engineer, I can sympathize both with our technically ignorant scribe and with our distraught manufacturer. Yet, unless record companies all over the world can agree upon a standard recording characteristic, or unless we breed a race of specialist record critics who will twiddle their controls with the skill of an organist pulling his stops, the problem seems insoluble.

Manufacturers of reproducers could help by producing reasonably priced machines with simple yet sufficiently flexible controls; fortunately there are signs that this may happen in the not-too-distant future. This year's Radio Show, though still mainly concerned with exhibiting furniture and TV, did at least yield the first low-priced motor and pickup unit of really adequate standard. I refer to the new Collaro unit, whose motor is remarkably free from "rumble" even when used on a wide-range loudspeaker, and whose turnover crystal cartridge (the Ronette, a design originating in Holland) compares very favorably with even the most expensive specialist pickups. At this rate most music lovers should soon be able to afford an instrument which will not be entirely unworthy of the many fine LP discs now being showered at us.

Interesting news in this connection is that Pye, one of our leading radio and TV manufacturers, have bought a controlling interest in Nixa Records, the company which handles the British distribution of Period, Concert Hall, Haydn Society, Bach Guild, Vanguard, Lyrichord, Polymusic, Oceanic, and now Westminster records. Pye intends shortly to market suitably low-priced instruments for record reproduction, while recording activities—in association with Westminster—have already begun in London (we have heard rumors of a "Messiah" conducted by Scherchen and Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" conducted by Boult).

The first Nixa-Westminster release has caused quite a stir, despite some curious evaluations of recordings such as Prokofiev's "Scythian" and "Kije" Suites in the columns of our leading monthly journal devoted to records. Though not perhaps quite as smooth and "atmospheric" as the best Decca products, many of these records are of startling quality.

With EMI, long playing records still seem to be very much in the hit-or-miss stage. An occasional issue shows that they can produce really first-class results; there is nothing at all wrong with Columbia's recording of Rimsky's "Czar Saltan" and "Coq d'Or" Suites (Dobrowen and Philharmonia); but most piano records are still afflicted with intolerable "flutter" and orchestras frequently have that "canned" sound of yesteryear. Thus HMV's Dvorak No. 2, somewhat erratically performed by Kubelik and the Philharmonia, can-

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orchestral sound with Decca's recently issued version, and Gieseking's latest records of Beethoven sonatas sound inferior to some of his prewar recordings.

An LP version of Brahms's Double Concerto was badly needed over here, and HMV has come to the rescue with a very satisfactory, if hardly outstanding, performance in which the soloists are Italian (Gioconda de Vito and Amadeo Baldovino), the orchestra is British (Philharmonia), and the conductor, Rudolf Schwarz, is German-born. The recording, on a ten-inch disc, is good, in any case better than that given to Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra in two Haydn symphonies (Nos. 83 and 96). Other current HMV's include a somewhat stodgy performance of Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto (Lympany/Malko), two violin and piano sonatas by Bach (Menuhin/Kentner), Beethoven's "An die ferne Geliebte" and and Schubert's Heine settings from "Schwanengesang" (admirably sung by Fischer-Dieskau).

Columbia's outstanding contribution for October is a record coupling Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" and Brahms's "Paganini Variations" (Books I and II). This introduces a new star of the first magnitude, the thirty-two-year-old Hungarian Geza Anda, to the pianistic firmament. [Decca in the United States has previously acquainted American listeners with Anda. ED.] Anda, said to be a pupil of Dohnányi and Lipatti, not only appears to possess a stunning technique but also intelligence, musicianship, and plenty of fire. Further samples of his skill and artistry will be eagerly awaited; meanwhile we can thank Columbia for assisting him in his debut with suitable recording.

Decca's Medium Play releases have also continued apace, and in the absence of any 45-rpm revival—either ordinary or Extended Play—on the part of EMI these discs are becoming quite popular. The "Arabella" duets (Della Casa, with Gueden and Poell) have had quite a topical appeal owing to the short visit which the Bavarian State Opera has just paid to Covent Garden. This company presented Londoners with a Strauss season consisting of "Arabella" (with the lovely Della Casa in the title role) and the two last operas, "Die Liebe der Danaë" and "Capriccio." Critical opinion concerning the merits of these works has been sharply divided (with Ernest Newman leading the pro-Strauss phalanx) and attendances were none too good, but the finely integrated productions won nothing but praise. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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POP ROUNDUP

Miscellany of Musicals

SIMULTANEOUSLY in a mighty effort to fill the gaps in its musical comedy catalogue RCA Victor has launched eight long-playing discs containing highlights from sixteen of the most memorable, and sometimes successful, American musicals. To the show score fancier, little is offered that is new or necessary to his collection. It appears to us once more that the company accepts belatedly the philosophy of long play, denying the collectors' penchant for completeness, his delight in discovery. Instead we are offered four of the best-known songs from each musical. These are performed by familiar Broadway name singers who in several instances manage to communicate some of the fervor and savor of the theatre. More than half the shows are already represented on discs in more complete versions. These include "Kiss Me, Kate" and "Anything Goes" (LPM 3157), "Porgy and Bess" and "Girl Crazy" (LPM 3156), "The Band Wagon" (LPM 3155), "Babes in Arms" (LPM 3152), "Showboat" (LPM 3151), and "Carousel" and "Oklahoma!" (LPM 3150). Most of the "highlight" songs have been available in other collections and in superior renditions by regular popular recording artists.

Among the less "available" productions is "The Cat and the Fiddle" (LPM 3151), that sometimes arty but successful Kern-Harbach gem from 1931, especially distinguished in this capsule by the substantial voice of Patricia Neway. She and baritone Stephen Douglass divide "The Night Was Made for Love," "She Didn't Say 'Yes'," "Try to Forget," and the poetic "Poor Pierrot," which, after twenty odd years of neglect, is becoming a fairly popular piece of esoterica.

"Blackbirds of 1928" (LPM 3154), featuring Cab Calloway and Thelma Carpenter, is one of the most successful sides in the series. Miss Carpenter's husky flavor is ideal for "Diga-Diga Doo," "I Must Have That Man," and "Doin' the New Low-Down." The irrepressible Cab gives what could be the definitive version of "I Can't Give You Anything but Love." . . . In "The Little Shows" (LPM 3155), Carol Bruce essays the Libby Holman vehicles "Can't We Be Friends?" and "Moanin' Low," and while she is one of the better performers here, this admirer still yearns for the original. "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan"—written for an unrequited male

Wagner—Paris (Café) Version

"Helen Traubel Leaves Met for Night Clubs"—N. Y. Post

By Irwin Edman

NIGHT clubs generally start later
Than opera or the theayter.
Where singers very often choose
To sing not arias but blues.
There audiences—the fact, alas, is—
Hold in their hands not scores but glasses.
But blues, Miss Traubel says, are art,
Isolde's not the only part.
Sopranos tire of the Met:
The same old "Tristan," same old set
The repertoire, the same old thing
And nothing new save Rudolf Bing.
But night clubs! Where the songs are new
Or where the corny old ones do,
Where colored lights play on the star
And drinkers, transfixed, stare from the bar
And mixed with Verdi, Brahms, and joke songs
Are Broadway's very latest folk songs.
No wonder, following their libido,
Stars leave for Chez Paris or Lido.

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over—somehow gets handed to the very feminine Sheila ("Wish You Were Here") Bond, who nevertheless conveys all the slyness of the Dietz lyrics. For many, the big delight of the show would be Hiram Sherman's ebullient "When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba." The overside "Band Wagon" features one fine number by Edith ("Wonderful Town") Adams, "High and Low," which proves that there occasionally appears a show singer who can really sing this stuff with the better pop stylists. (Dolores Gray would be another.)

But now that we've gotten around to "The Band Wagon," the blue ribbon has to go to M-G-M for its delightful sound-track version of the score (E-3051), taken from the recent film of the same name. Fred Astaire is featured—good enough? Some of the songs used here have been taken from other Schwartz-Dietz musicals, but "Louisiana Hayride," "New Sun in the Sky," "Dancing in the Dark," and "I Love Louisa" are from the original (1931) stage production. Astaire, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan cut a hilarious trio in the rediscovered "Triplets," while Astaire is typically wonderful in "By Myself" and "A Shine on Your Shoes." Most of the second side of this twelve-incher is devoted to "The Girl Hunt Ballet," which—as filmgoers know—is a take-off on the world of Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the "private eye."

BEFORE the war such labels as Decca, Bluebird, and Okeh sold their popular records with name artists for thirty-five cents. Today, with pop record sales virtually at an all-time high (at an eighty-nine cent per disc norm) the thirty-five cent disc has suddenly re-entered the field. This time, however, it's a seven-inch nonbreakable type (78 or 45 rpm) with average playing time comparable to ten-inch sides (approximately 2:45). These are Bell Records, produced by Simon and Schuster. The initial Bell recordings are excellent in most respects. The repertory, for the most part, consists of hit parade songs, plus an occasional standard specialty by a name soloist. In the latter category we have Cab Calloway's MINNIE THE MOOCHER (1006). Cab also provides the best renditions we have heard on GAMBLER'S GUITAR and HEY JOE! (1009) . . . Bob Haymes, our favorite early-morning radio rouser, and one of our favorite song writers (and brother-in-law of our favorite movie queen), is also one of the Bell vocal artists. His truly beautiful ballad, THAT'S ALL, is backed by a dramatic song, EBB TIDE (1012). —BILL SIMON.

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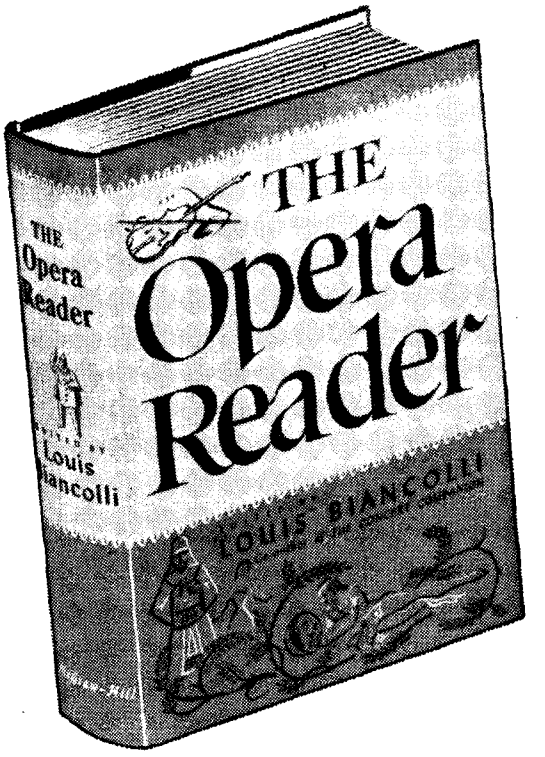

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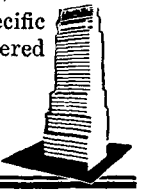

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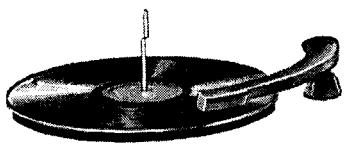

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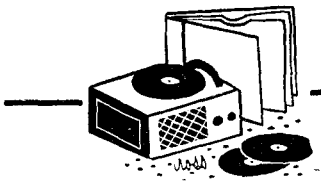

A Copland Landmark

IT IS unfortunate that what passes under the label of Copland's "workaday music" (ballet and movie scores, souvenirs of travel, etc.) has for so long tended to eclipse other phases of his output. But it may well be that the reputation he has achieved by writing extensively in an adaptable, accessible vein is precisely what has eased the way for a revival, all at once these days, of his loftiest achievements in the absolute forms. We may now enjoy the first recording of his Third Symphony in a performance by the Minneapolis Symphony with such faithful attention to detail on Dorati's part as is reserved for the most hallowed of standard symphonies (Mercury MG 50018, $5.95). This is not because the seven-year-old work has shown any signs yet of establishing itself as such in standard repertory, for its performances have been few and relatively untouted. It is rather (in large part, at least) because the accumulation of so many popular successes has established its composer as a musical celebrity, and the recording debut of his Third Symphony becomes a state occasion, calling for de-luxe treatment.

What sets the symphony apart from Copland's "workaday" music is not anything in its idiomatic devices that is particularly advanced or otherwise difficult for audiences to take. The Piano Variations (Walden LP 101, $5.95) would be far more apt to pose an obstacle of this kind. The symphony, however, differs from, say, "Rodeo" in such matters as abstaining from quoting folk tunes directly, or in its overall earnestness of mood and shape, which some listeners even find taxing when it confronts them in Mahler. Much as they resist the length, gloom, and unfamiliarity of Mahler, they are also capable of being deeply moved by his power and eloquence. This symphony, though strongly bearing the stamp of Copland's personality, has a distant family resemblance to Mahler and these moving and stirring qualities are present to an extraordinary degree.

The passages with the weightiest brass fully deployed were disconcerting to some of Copland's most devoted followers (myself among them) when the symphony was first performed. Adopting the most severely critical approach, lest we be taken for yea-sayers or blind partisans, we caused these spots to loom disproportionately in our reaction to the whole. Returning to the work, I am still disturbed somewhat by their brashness, but it now seems to me to be the product of a healthy, almost innocent, exuberance, and the passages in question are happily dwarfed by the prevailing inwardness and sincerity. The symphony is a mighty effort for Copland.

Expressively, the work covers wide ground. It unconsciously summarizes styles the composer had derived from his previous contacts—now with Latin-American sources, now with New England or Quaker hymnody, now with cowboy tunes. An offshoot of this expressive range is the uncommonly wide gamut of loudnesses (including some very tenuous *pianissimo*) which, like everything else in the score, is scrupulously respected by Dorati in his reading. The recording, one of Mercury's Olympian Series which boasts "Living Presence," encompasses these many variants of decibel content, moreover, with incredible ease.

If the fully massed brass passages are somewhat overbearing in a room and might conceivably bring down on one's head the wrath of squeamish neighbors, these passages would have the same effect, to a considerable degree, in a concert hall. I believe the highs are a bit exaggerated, so that the piccolo, for example, which is uncommonly active in this score, sounds out quite disproportionately. But the

Caricature by Antonio Sotomayor.

Aaron Copland—"a healthy exuberance."

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listener may compensate for this by adjusting the controls. In general, the reproduction is outstanding for clarity, presence, and dynamic scope. It is something of a landmark on LP for faithful reproduction of a massive, spacious contemporary work.

COPLAND is also fortunate in the quality of piano sound on the Walden LP. In addition to the Piano Variations mentioned above, it offers the Piano Sonata and a Passacaglia of 1922, a work antedating Copland's more recent personal style. That style received what was perhaps its earliest and quintessential expression in the Variations of 1930, which—along with the massive sonata written a decade later—belong among his most vital works. In both the Sonata and Variations the neat piano sound on the Walden LP is a marked improvement over earlier 78-rpm versions. Copland's piano sonorities, subtly blending consonance with percussive dissonance, are easily muddied, but Webster Aitken's fine tone, abetted by the excellent reproduction, does them full justice. Aitken's distinguished and fluent pianism in general enhances these works, making them sound natural where they are so apt to sound, in other hands, tortured.

In view of all this it is a pity the performances are not more authentic. There is a misreading of the notation of the Variations in the sixth measure (D-sharp instead of D-natural). In the Sonata, Aitken changes the emphasis in the Vivace by grouping the five-note patterns in threes and twos instead of twos and threes. Where matters of style and interpretation are concerned, there are such instances as the casual statement of the theme of the variations. It is important here that each note be articulated as if it were momentous. In general, Aitken is apt to rush slow passages in both works and cut a rest or a held note short. There is too little of that characteristic Copland manner of squeezing the last ounce of sonority out of notes and chords. I do not blame Aitken for failing to observe the letter of the music, since at times Copland himself bids the player to be "freely expressive." It is, rather, that he so often misses the spirit. One has only to observe the tenderness of the sonata's peroration in the old Bernstein version as against the pedestrian way it emerges here.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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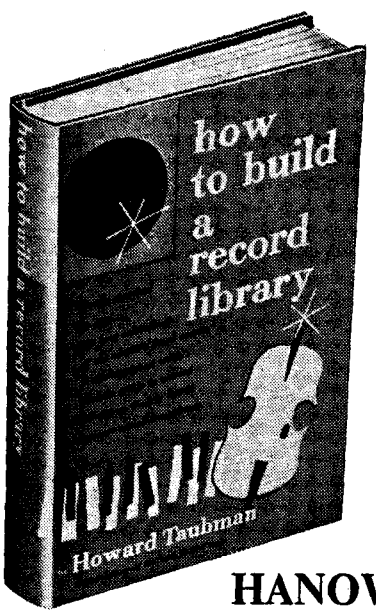

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BACK in the mid-Thirties—when musical historians and educators began to take recorded music seriously and to see its possibilities for the classroom—there was talk of putting on phonograph records some such anthology as Schering's "Geschichte der Musik in Beispielen." When Davidson and Apel's "Historical Anthology of Music" appeared this work was also considered appropriate for such a project, as was Wolf's "Music of Earlier Times." To some extent the needs of the professors were supplied by the Anthologie Sonore, but this series was not arranged chronologically, and indeed it presented the reverse problem of finding scores to go with the excellently documented records. A couple of years ago a new history-in-examples was published by Norton—"Masterpieces of Music Before 1750: An anthology of musical examples from Gregorian chant to J. S. Bach," by Carl Parrish and John F. Ohl. And now the Haydn Society has collaborated with the publisher in bringing out a box of three LP discs identically titled and including performances of all the scores in the book (HSL-B, $17.85).

There are several notable features in the work of Parrish and Ohl beyond the skilfully edited texts, which have for the most part been set up in closed scores, using modern clefs and barlines, so that the pieces may be played or sung by practised readers. Each example is prefaced by a historical and analytical note to orient the student, and full translations of the texts are given. The selection of the pieces has been impressively careful and imaginative, keeping in general away from the expected compositions. Thus Palestrina is not represented by his "Missa Papae Marcelli" but rather by the mass "Veni sponsa Christi"; Carissimi comes in with a scene from "Judicum Salomonis" rather than "Jepthe" or "Jonas"; the English madrigal included is not by Morley, Gibbons, or Wilbye, but by Bennet; and the three Handel pieces are a Concerto Grosso, an air from "Rinaldo" (not "Lascia ch' io pianga") and a little-known chorus from "Solomon." In the case of Bach, after three settings of the chorale "Christ lag in Todesbanden" have been cited, we are given the "Golgatha" recitative from the "Saint Matthew Passion" and the third contrapunctus from "The Art of Fugue."

As to the recordings themselves, the fact that they have been made in Copenhagen under the direction of Mogens Wöldike and enlisted the services of such artists as Finn Viderø, Aksel Schiøtz, the Copenhagen Boys' and Men's Choir, and the Danish State Radio Chamber Orchestra and Chorus is in itself a high recommendation. One knows in advance that such performances will be marked by musicianship and taste; what remains to be noted is the fine clarity and the dignified expressiveness of the choral numbers and the straightforward delivery of the solos. There are, of course, some inequalities: one feels occasionally that something still lies hidden in the musical score, and in one instance a solo seems somewhat thrown off poise by shortness of breath. The recording level presents a minor problem, in that the harpsichord and clavichord pieces are louder than they should properly be when played with the controls set for the choral selections. But these are hardly matters of first importance. In the preface to the book we are assured that "the selection of each example has been determined, first of all, by the basic requirement that it be in itself an interesting and beautiful piece of music": these recordings are the authors' full justification.

—PHILIP L. MILLER.

* * *

CURIOUS are the ways of the history of music. At the opening of the fifteenth century English music showed the way to the rest of Europe and as a power in the world of music Italy was non-existent. A century and a half later Italy literally overwhelmed England with her incomparable secular vocal music, the madrigal, which became a "national" genre and one of the glories of the Elizabethan era. In the wake of this Italian importation there arose an English school of such splendor and richness as England has not since known. Actually—and this does not detract from its excellence—the English madrigal was closely patterned after the Italian model, and the recording of "The Triumphs of Oriana" (Westminster WAL 212 $11.90) demonstrates that even entire collections were "repeated." A Venetian collection of twenty-nine madrigals entitled "The

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Triumphs of Dori" was emulated, some ten years later, by a set of twenty-nine English madrigals in honor of Queen Elizabeth.

"The Triumphs of Oriana," like its Italian predecessor, presented some of the best music by some of the best composers of the realm. The Randolph Singers and Westminster deserve great praise for making this superb vocal chamber music available to the public. The singing and balance of ensemble are on the whole fair, even though the treble is occasionally a bit too prominent. Intonation too—not an easy matter in such delicate music—is generally good and well maintained. But when it comes to style and authentic performance in "old" music, the Randolph Singers, like most of their colleagues, are on less sure ground. Tempo, articulation, and accentuation of sixteenth-century music are the most difficult problems for present-day musicians to cope with. Why this is I do not know—there is a goodly literature devoted to these subjects. In the days when these madrigals were composed, singers were thoroughly familiar with all aspects of music and its theory. They even read books!

Mr. Randolph has been quite industrious in presenting to us the madrigals that did not make the deadline at the time of the original publication. Thus he actually improves on Mr. Morley's original collection by giving us three extra madrigals. However, a faithful rendition of the old twenty-nine pieces would have been better. The tempo in this set often seems overdriven at the expense of clear and *leisurely* molding of individual melodic lines and the polyphonic web. As to articulation, the performers seem to be unaware of the fact that there were madrigals and madrigals. While, of course, the species was eminently vocal music, the articulation and rhythmic quality of the madrigals were quite different in the different types. To mention one example, some of the madrigals, such as the canzonets and ballets, were of instrumental origin, hence their regular periodic construction, the presence of upbeats, etc. In such pieces the harmonic scheme too shows unequivocal clarity, again calling for particular treatment. There is considerable difference in definiteness of cadence alone which, of course, calls for a different kind of phrase molding than is customary in the modal pieces.

In short, while this a commendable production, such ventures into what is still considered the nether world of music call for more thorough knowledge of the musical practices of the era. —PAUL HENRY LANG.

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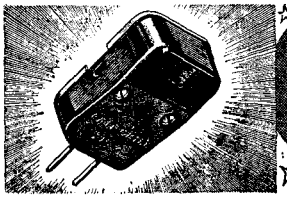

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Eloquence and Oratory

THE two sets of spoken records for review this month, one of the Old Vic Company performing "Macbeth" (RCA Victor LM 6010, $11.44), the other of a group of well-known American actors and actresses especially assembled to give a reading of Stephen Vincent Benét's highly dramatic "John Brown's Body" (Columbia SL-181, $12.10), raise many questions—and suggest some answers—concerning the uses and dangers of recorded speech, the place of heard poetry in our time, and the art of the theatre-without-benefit-of-sight.

Insofar as the sets offer occasion for comparison and contrast, the test is fair, for both recordings are technically excellent. One presentation offers the thrice-familiar "Macbeth" by a company long trained in the cooperative enterprise of presenting Shakespeare. The Old Vic is only a quarter century old, but it is already a tradition, and it began with a tradition behind it. Its members read poetry as if to the meter born. The second recording is a presentation in semi-dramatic form, a reading of a narrative poem that, though not Shakespeare, is unmistakably poetry and already in America a minor and popular classic. It is acted and read by a group especially assembled for the purpose of the reading, individually gifted actors, serious with almost *too* reverential a sense for poetry and the pieties of American history.

The great thing about any Old Vic production of Shakespeare is the dignity and beauty, the dramatic justness of the speaking itself. The lines as they speak them are alive with the music, the image, the insight of the Shakespearean verse. Of course, these records are, as performances, sight unseen. Yet it is extraordinary how little one misses the visual performance, how much is achieved instead by accent, intonation, range of voice, discreet musical interludes, the punctuation of drums and brass.

In Old Vic productions, as with the Comédie Française, one tends to forget individual excellences in the general splendor of the performance. But certain individual characterizations, of course, stand out. One has come to associate Alec Guinness with the urbane skullduggeries of his recent films or his polished psychiatric ministrations in T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party." It comes almost as a shock to find how completely, as judged by these recordings, he becomes Macbeth. His is both an intense and a reserved performance. Here is all the mounting ambition, the rising terror, the gnawing conscience, Macbeth's shame at his own shame, his quailing at the consequences of what he plans to do, his agony at what he has done, his fear, his horror of Lady Macbeth—all these are wonderfully brought out, and the terror-struck music, too, of the great soliloquies. Pamela Brown is all, or nearly all, that a Lady Macbeth can appropriately be, though the gaunt grimness, the

"I say it's distortion and I say the hell with it."

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...characterization are perhaps beyond the scope of her charm. Meanwhile, despite unexplained cuts, this is surely the best way available in America to hear "Macbeth."

The hearing of a good version of a familiar classic may reveal new things about it, though sometimes our very familiarity may preclude our awareness of the new things being disclosed. A work less beaten into dullness by repetition is a different matter. The recording of "John Brown's Body," to one listener at least, revealed much that was previously less patent as to the stature and eloquence of this poem, and brought too an awareness of the uneven distribution of its fine passages.

The Civil War and what led up to it, the passions involved in it are prime materials for the born poet, especially one who happened to have been born in America. Slavery, its horrors and indignities, freedom and its idealistic fanaticisms, the love of the earth, North and South, New England conscience and Southern pride, the pathos of the Negro and his vivacity, touching and tragic, the brooding Lincoln, solitary and prophetic, the civilian soldiers and the native battlefields in a nationwide family quarrel—all these were made to the hand of Stephen Vincent Benét, who possessed an imagination at once realistic and romantic.

A patriotic poem, however adult and sincere, is bound to be touched with rhetoric, and in reaching toward an expression of national destiny a narrative poem is bound in the necessary connective links of narration to have its flatnesses. The actors in turn tend to recite the whole poem as if it were all eloquent, thus occasionally making it sound more rhetorical than it actually is. But the three actors who act the individual parts and take turns at reading the narrative sections do very well by the poem, as does the a cappella chorus. One need hardly be told that Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, and Raymond Massey have fine voices and fine diction, and all three of them evince real feeling for the parts they play and have the power to project them. Raymond Massey is both Abraham Lincoln and John Brown, and equally good as each. If one has just listened to the Old Vic records, however, one is inclined to think that the art of poetic speech is better served in England. This American poetry is made to sound sometimes as if it were being intoned in church. But the three actors rise to the nobility and beauty of the drama more often than not. American poetry and history are both well served by these records.

—Irwin Edman.

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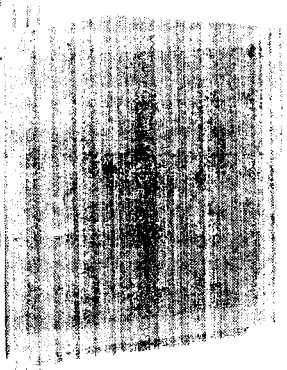

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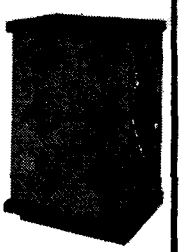

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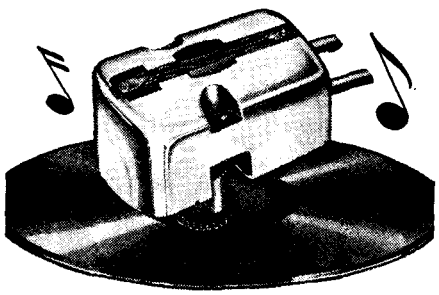

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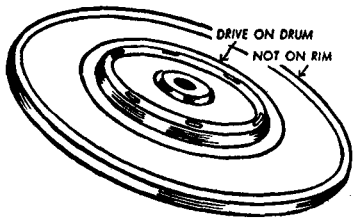

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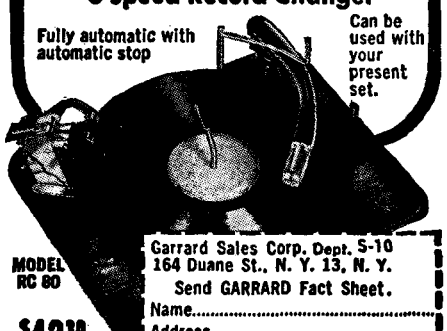

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"Kate"

Continued from page 55

ning "Brush Up Your Shakespeare." Accompanying these lyrics Porter wrote: "Bella will probably cut her throat when she gets this." As it had been agreed at the outset that Porter would write no songs for our gunmen, we were rather surprised, but we realized that according to the classic standards of Broadway it was a "boff" number—a show-stopper, if you please. Perhaps not a New Art Form, but definitely a must for the male patron. So instead of any throat-cutting, we dropped the final scene (all Shakespeare) and a beautiful dance for which the stairs had been built. We had exactly three minutes left in which to finish our show.

Our collaborative correspondence swelled and waned as the weeks grew into months. And Cole's letters, which had once started with "Bellissima Carissima," veered to the accusation that the Spewack obstinacy was the defect of "charming Rumanian-Hungarian nature." In a later letter to the fledgling producers he said: "Whenever I try to talk sense to Bella it is like trying to talk sense to Russia."

Bella, hurt, wrote: "Russia will now reply and retreat into Mongolian silence."

"THE Taming of the Shrew" was played in New York as far back as 1768, and again in 1785. About one hundred years later it was revived by Augustin Daly with John Drew and Ada Rehan, who took it on the road in 1902 with Otis Skinner as Petruchio. Several years later Charles Richman took the part. Sothern and Marlowe used it in their repertory, and in 1927 Basil Sidney and Mary Ellis played it in modern costumes. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne revived it in 1935. On December 30, 1948, "Kiss Me, Kate" opened, to establish the longest run "The Shrew" ever had anywhere, any time, including Shakespeare's own.

Statistically, the performances in New York numbered 1,077, and across the United States it played 1,064 times. More than four million Americans have seen and heard it.

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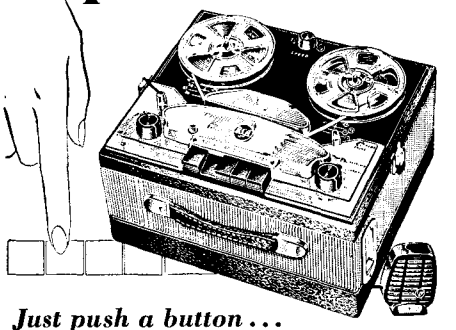

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

ECONOMICS OF THE LISTENING BOOTH

IN HIS ARTICLE "Murder in the Listening Booth" [*SR* Oct. 10] L. B. Holdridge has amplified some legitimate criticisms into a barrage that drowns out reason. The listening booth is an old scandal in the record business, predating LP and Hi-Fi —though these two developments have made it more critical. Mr. Holdridge has written a brilliant shocker to dramatize the problem. But his indictment of dealers as too ignorant or indifferent to abolish it will arouse tempers on both sides of the counter without solving anything.

The listening booth is logically indefensible, but it is the customers who demand it, not the dealers. Record buyers consider it their inalienable right to listen, as book buyers consider it their right to browse. Mr. Holdridge suggests a boycott of dealers who cling to the custom, but the dealer who would actually be boycotted is the one who tried to stop it.

Any dealer would be delighted to dispense with the whole costly and irritating business, and sell only sealed records, unreturnable except for mechanical defects, but he cannot because he must please customers who demand to try out records before deciding to buy them, and even to return them once they are bought, for a variety of semi-plausible but quite human reasons.

What is the answer, then? Mr. Holdridge suggests the copy for demonstration only. But he is uncertain just who is to pay for it. As far as the dealer is concerned, I feel it is out of the question. At least half the items in a representative stock are single copies. This would mean that the dealer would have to buy a minimum of one half again. No dealer could afford it.

My interim suggestion to Mr. Holdridge is that he and some tonally pure-minded companions pool resources and form a record center of their own, where they may vie with each other to play demonstration copies only in the acoustically perfect auditorium and take an oath never, never to return their sealed copies for any reason other than mechanical defects. My only request is that I do not have to sell records there, for fear some housewife, crazed because her husband has just stripped the parlor again to improve room acoustics, might come hunting for *me*, in her daft, cunning way.

ALLAN RIESER.

New York, N. Y.

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PLEASE INFORM Mr. Holdridge that we have happily anticipated his plea for a "sealed and certified" record to assure the critical customer that the record he buys at a shop is untouched by other hands.

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We believe, however, that the intelligent, cultivated record shop owner or clerk—and we know many of them personally all over the country—can do more by personal guidance to help a customer plan his purchases than any amount of hit-and-miss listening in necessarily inadequate booth space. After all, the artist should guarantee the performance and the label its technical quality; the packaging should assure a perfect album to the ultimate consumer.

DARIO SORIA,
President,
EMI (US) Ltd.

New York, N. Y.

"AIDA" IN PART

I WAS A LITTLE PUZZLED by Irving Kolodin's review of the Toscanini "Otello" [*SR* Sept. 26] when he stated that "no time should be lost in adding 'Falstaff' to the sequence, likewise the wartime 'Fidelio' and parts, at least, of 'Aida'." I agree with the first two, but why not the complete "Aida"? This is quite surprising coming from a man who opposes "highlights" in place of a complete performance.

HARRY R. LEWIS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "Aida" broadcast, unfortunately, was not uniformly good. There were several outright mistakes and some passages were sung off-mike. For this reason it is doubtful whether Mr. Toscanini would—or should—endorse the whole of it for reissue, but it would be a shame not to salvage the high spots of this broadcast.*

GOOD VALUE

I FEEL COMPELLED to reply to the latest remarks of Mr. Heinitz [*SR* Aug. 29] on record playing time. First of all, his analogy with seats at the opera limps, and his reference to the cost of employing one or many artists is simply irrelevant—it is outside the question of how many records one particular work should occupy. As for fast and slow interpretations, I know of no record collector who buys one version of a work because it is the longest. The question of playing time arises after the most desirable interpretation has been chosen—it does not determine it. If the most desirable version is priced right, the last obstacle is overcome; if not, the choice is vetoed.

I will not buy London's "Lied von der Erde" on two records when Vox has

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String Quartet No. 11 in E Major
Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet
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MOZART
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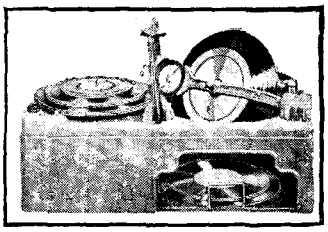

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demonstrated that it can be put on one. This does *not* mean that I will buy the inferior Vox interpretation. It means that I will buy neither. I will wait for one or two events—another first-rate recording on one record or a new transfer of London's tape. As to the latter, has everyone forgotten what happened to London's "Pathétique"?

I agree, however, with Mr. Heinitz's stated method of reviewing—judge all versions regardless of price. If the one on two records is best, fine—but let us know how many minutes we are getting so that we may judge for ourselves. If one on a half-price label is best, fine—but don't yield to the economy price without saying so.

JEROME F. WEBER.

Utica, N. Y.

ORFF IN OHIO

THANK YOU FOR THE EXCELLENT article "The Emergence of Orff," by Henry Pleasants [*SR* Sept. 26].

Perhaps your readers and Mr. Pleasants would be interested to know that Orff's opera "Die Kluge" received a very long run at Cleveland's Karamu Theatre in its 1949-50 season. Under the direction of Benno D. Frank, who was also associated with its production in Germany, "Die Kluge" drew what might be called "rave" notices from local critics.

RAOUL ABDUL.

New York, N. Y.

PONSELLE'S "CARMEN" RECORDED

ROSA PONSELLE'S FINAL OPERA performance, Carl W. Simpson reminds us [LETTERS, *SR* Aug. 29], was broadcast nationwide by NBC as part of the Saturday matinee series on April 17, 1937, from Cleveland. Mr. Simpson goes on to observe that "anyone who recorded it has a historic memento." You may be interested to know that I have a complete recording of that performance.

A. F. R. L.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The writer of this letter pleads for anonymity on the score that "while I think it is proper to indicate the fact that such a recording does exist, I would not want to face the number of Ponselle fans who would want copies."*

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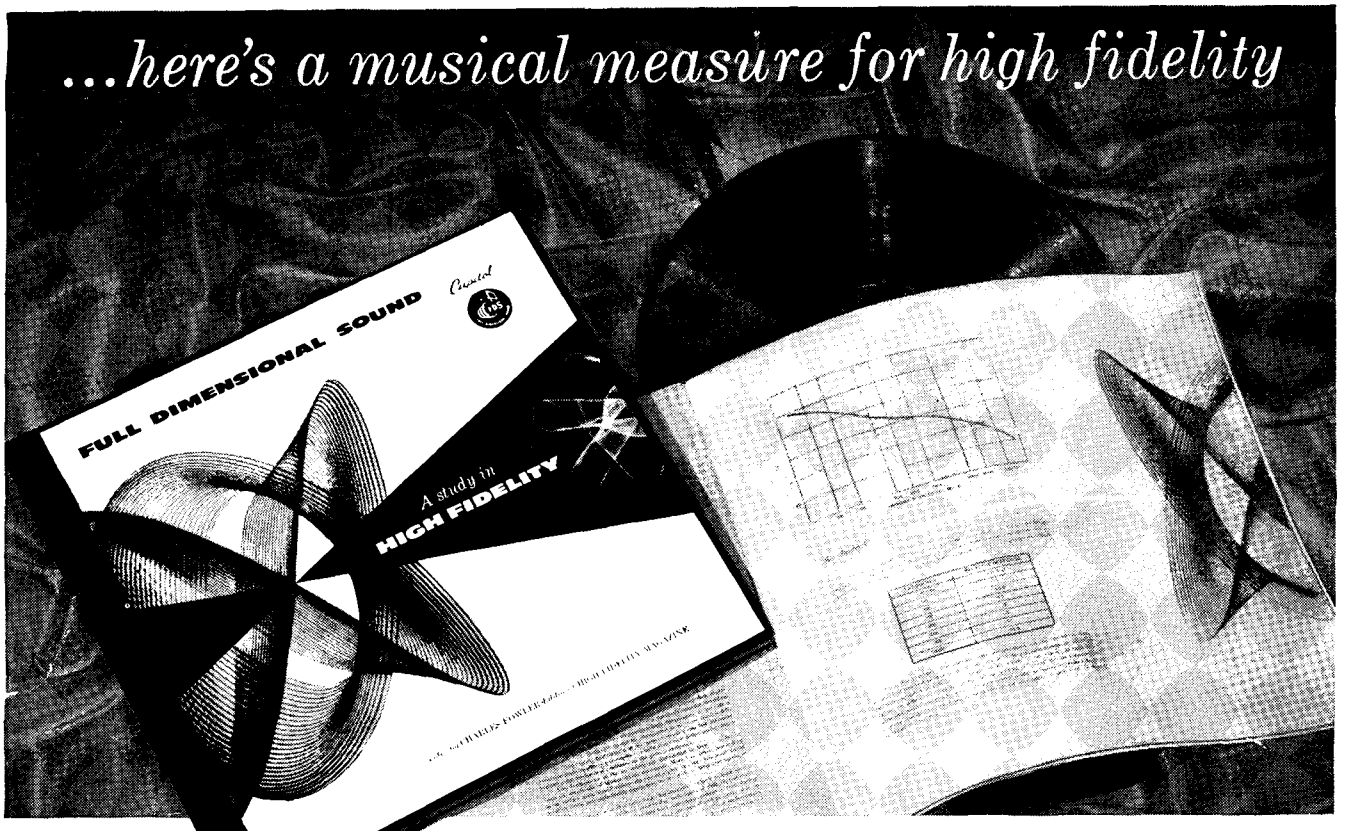

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